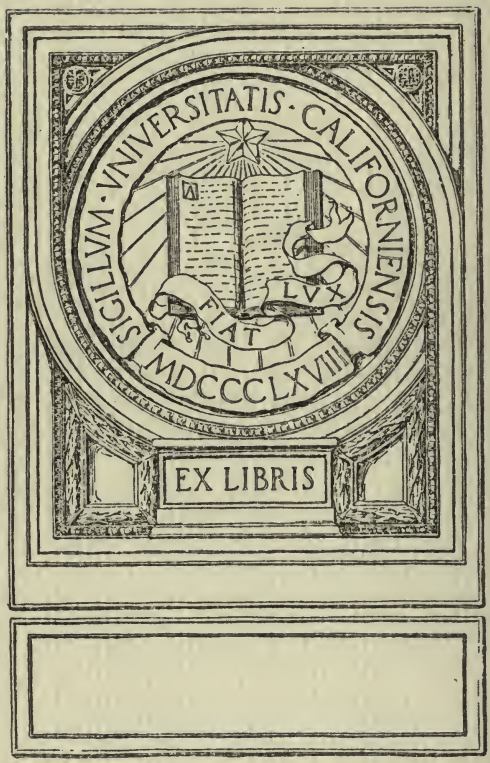
A TRIP THROUGH THE BALKAN STATES

AND IMPRESSIONS IN GERMANY AND AUSTRIA

RICHARD GILLHAM THOMSETT

AUTHOR OF
"With the Peshawar Column" &c.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BY

RICHARD GILLHAM THOMSETT

(Lieut.-Colonel, late Royal Army Medical Corps.)

AUTHOR OF

"Experiences and Adventures in the Afghan War,"
"A Record Voyage in H.M.S. Malabar,"
"With the Peshawar Column," etc.

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A Trip through the Balkan States

I left Portsmouth by the 9.41 a.m. train on the 25th August, 1908. With the knowledge acquired by a previous experience I had so regulated my "kit" that my box, when packed, whose contents were to last me for thirty-five days, weighed almost exactly 55 lbs. To make doubly sure of this important fact, I had the box weighed again by a porter at the station, whose astonishment was very apparent when he found the weight to be exactly as I had foretold. I merely remarked that the old soldier is not so bad after all, and should know a thing or two about "kits," especially after three campaigns. The porter's sympathies and admiration were at once enlisted, for he had also served his time in the army.

There was only one occupant of my carriage besides myself, and I saw at once that he was

a foreigner. So many foreigners, nowadays, speak English, that I was not surprised, in reply to my statement that it was a fine day, to find that my friend spoke the English language fluently.

I mentioned my present mission and informed him of my desire to learn for myself some of the aspects of affairs regarding the apparently little known Balkan States. He was interested, even enthusiastic, at once, but soon wandered off into what was, evidently, one of the ideals or dreams of his life, namely, the federation of Europe.

Now, this was a subject about which I knew very little, nor did I remember ever having heard the question discussed among my English friends. This fact, however, does not prove its non-existence, which so many Englishmen might have us believe, so I leaned over towards my friend, anxious to become better acquainted with his views on the subject.

He entered fully into the matter and, moreover, stated that, in his opinion, each country in Europe should contribute to a general standing army, the whole force to be placed under a chosen Commander-in-Chief.

"Say the Kaiser, for instance, to start with," he added with, I thought, just a suspicion of merriment in his eyes.

When he had gone thoroughly into the subject and stated his views, he asked me for mine.

Well, from a common-sense aspect, I merely remarked that the idea was Utopian in the extreme and that it would be almost impossible to carry out so long as different religions prevailed. Indeed, I ventured the remark that the people of the world would be happy and content if they had but one universal religion and acted up to it. I then asked him what he would do with the Pope, who had such enormous political, as well as religious, power, There was some difficulty here, and my friend could advance no theory on this point, clever man as he undoubtedly seemed to be.

In support of my further suggestion as to the power over their flocks of the Roman Catholic priests, I mentioned the fact of those clerics who could quell riots when all other peaceful and persuasive methods failed, and added that perhaps they could as easily cause them!

Should the federation of Europe ever be an

accomplished fact, I also told my interesting friend that in time there would be but one language, and that it would not be, I thought, Esperanto, which is neither classical nor historical.

I began to wonder if he were a German. I did not like to ask him, but ventured the remark that, talking of languages, the German takes the trouble to acquire them—especially English and French—because he does not want to miss anything!

"No," I said, in conclusion, for the train was nearing London. "If each country had to contribute towards a European standing army, what would prevent these small armies fighting against one another should occasion arise?"

I asked, finally, if there would not be a great loss to trade, in the manufacture of arms, etc., if his Utopian idea came into practice. He rejoined, very quietly,

"No; a cannon, when made, is of no use to anyone."

There was evidently a deep meaning in this, and as I bade him "good-bye," I remarked that, after all, the English have the best form of democratic government in the world, with the best "figurehead."

He winked knowingly, and running off, exclaimed that King Edward could, in his opinion, be king of France if he wished!

I drew a long breath and called for a porter.

A journey from Charing Cross to Folkestone by the 2.2 p.m. train and a very rough passage across the Channel to Boulogne concluded my first day's travelling.

As an experiment, I went to a so-called second-class hotel, described as one of less pretension than, well, say the "Cecil," but—"don't do it!" Never again, say I, in Boulogne, at any rate.

In my diminutive and dark bedroom there were neither gas, electric light, nor bells. An old bit of candle was stuck in an inebriated sort of way, into a candlestick on the chest of drawers, but there were no matches.

I must say, however, that this hotel was infinitely cleaner than a certain commercial establishment which I once sampled in one of England's largest cities, but the food was worse. The sugar was in the usual continental oblong lumps and the serviettes were larger than the towels! The same funny little dinners prevailed, where one was given

a microscopic potato with one's fish and not another during the whole repast.

On the following morning I made the acquaintance of some of the folks who were staying at the hotel. In the little smoking-room were a couple of Britishers who had just run over " to have a look at France," and who, no doubt, would return to the bosom of their respective families quite satisfied in their minds as to the absolute superiority of everything and everybody British.

They had seen Boulogne. In their conversation they were summing up the virtues of all the doctors who had attended them at different periods of their lives.

One ventured the remark that he found bael fruit the best thing for dysentery, and added that when he went to a chemist in Boulogne for that drug he was asked if he thought he was in the tropics! This wonderful medicine, he stated, was not in the British Pharmacopœia, and was spelt b-a-l-e!

The topic then changed to the shaving process, one gentleman remarking that he did not shave, but used clippers! By his appearance I think this statement was correct.

In mutual confidence they both made the rather alarming remark that in their youth they had been intended for the medical profession; and, indeed, that they had "walked the hospitals." They even spoke as if they would have actually become fully-qualified medical men had they vouchsafed to continue their walks in this direction. By a dispensation of Providence this was, however, not to be, and perhaps some lives have been spared.

While this conversation went on, both these gentlemen had expressions on their faces as if they were frightened at what they had said.

At luncheon I was edified by the wisdom and speech of the ladies present. Speaking of the wonderful attributes of "Whiteley's," one lady said that even a bottle of fleas had been procured at this establishment for a desirable customer; while another, a trifle more ancient, remarked that one could even get cremated or embalmed by the "Universal and Cheerful Provider!"

The conversation was becoming distinctly interesting, if a little morbid. A small wizened dame who, when she had finished her repast, folded her

serviette and carefully put it into a case emblazoned with her initials in scarlet, squeaked in a timorous manner that the fancy needlework at Whiteley's was excellent. Indeed, she made all her son's waistcoats from models obtained there. I saw one of the sons and one of the waistcoats.

It was strange to be in Boulogne for the first time in my life, and this is, perhaps, my best excuse for alluding to the town at all. I noticed the slouchy-looking soldiers, off duty, with their absurdly short tunics and enormous trouser pockets, receptacles for untold goods. I saw but two motors and two bicycles in the streets. Oh, shades of Southsea!

I bought my postage stamps at a tobacconist's, which is the prevailing custom, and visited Notre Dame, a miniature St. Paul's. Here I discovered in a conspicuous position in the building a fragment of a certain miraculous hand, there being an eminence for kneeling upon, placed in front of it. The whole interior was, on this occasion, draped in blue and white, and I was greatly struck with a very beautiful figure of Christ and the Virgin Mary in a storm-tossed boat.

On my way home I had some coffee at a restaurant, where I noticed the serious and childlike manner in which a Frenchman will devour cakes, and was further edified by the sight of an American lady and gentleman eating their ices alternately from each other's glasses. I heard an Englishman asking for tea-cake! This, like buttered toast and biscuits, is a luxury one does not find on the Continent. Indeed, I don't think I have ever seen a foreigner indulge in tea: it is sweets, or nothing.

The next day, the 27th, it rained hard till noon, and I could scarcely realise that I was across the Channel, for the same south-westerly gale was blowing, and people were holding on to their hats as at Folkestone.

I left Boulogne by an evening train for Bâle. It was a twelve hours' journey and I found the pillow which I had in my rugs a great comfort during the night.

It seldom occurs that one can have a whole side of a compartment to oneself on the Continent where so many people appear to travel by night. You must therefore be prepared to sit up or lean

against the side of the carriage during the whole journey.

In my compartment were an Italian-Swiss with his wife and infant. He informed me that he had been manager of a restaurant near Liverpool for two years, and that he was now going to see his wife's father who lived in Russia and had a large confectionery business. We became quite confidential during the journey—I because I wanted information, and he because, being a business man he had an eye to business on this occasion, and was already anticipating the conditions under which he and his family would be able to sleep comfortably during the night. His wife was tall, fair, and healthy-looking, and her husband remarked that Swiss girls were strong—a statement borne out to his entire satisfaction by the fact that she was the only lady on the boat from Folkestone to Boulogne who was not ill. Now, the young couple appeared to be very devoted to one another and to their offspring.

The husband was, as is usual with foreigners, unshaven, which the baby did not seem to object to on the innumerable occasions which were relegated

to the kissing process. They were evidently not suffering from poverty, and I daresay during their stay in England had managed to put by a nice little sum of money, even if it had been accomplished at the cost of a great deal of indigestion among their customers from the creamy properties of the Swiss confectionery.

At 7 p.m. they both went in to the five-franc dinner (there was a restaurant car on the train) leaving the baby asleep, and extended on the seat of the carriage. I was therefore alone with the infant, and terrified in case it should awake and scream while its parents were oblivious of the fact. During dinner the mother came back once to ask me if baby was all right. This, of course, in her best French. I assured her that all was right, and she went away smiling.

We reached Laon at 9.45 p.m., when the family made preparations for rest and comfort. The lady lay down, having removed her boots, on the seat opposite mine, using the infant for a pillow. I may mention that, previous to this, the husband had prepared the baby's food, which consisted of water, sugar, and milk, and forced the

india-rubber teat of the bottle containing the nourishment into its mouth.

Lights were now extinguished, and the husband curled himself up in a marvellous manner, and in an extremely small space, at the end of my seat, and went fast asleep. The baby squirmed and screamed through the long night, while its mother was occupied at intervals in reaching out her hand on a voyage of discovery with regard to the child's mouth, to insert therein the afore-mentioned magic teat.

The climax came, however, when baby fell out on the floor! There was now a hubbub on all sides, but I will not dwell on the subject, which was certainly painful—to the baby.

At 5.30 a.m. the next day, we arrived at Alt-Münsterol on the German frontier, where our handbags were examined by the Custom's officials.

Shortly after this my friends arose from their—what appeared to be—ideal couches, and proceeded to wash baby and give it clean linen—but there! The lady then performed her own toilet, rolling up her masses of fair hair into becoming knots and puffs.

We reached Bâle at 6.45 a.m. My hotel here, which, by the way, was another example of those of "lesser pretension," and called the St. Gothard, was very comfortable and clean. The manageress and head waiter were kindness and civility itself, and, thank heaven! there was no *portier!* It was also convenient to the station and one could walk across. The food was good, and one enjoyed once again the old-fashioned Swiss breakfast, with its jam, faked honey, and politeness. Our hotel was, moreover, evidently popular with outsiders in the town, for I noticed a good many *portiers* from other hotels coming to the bar in the evening, to bestow their patronage and obtain beer. I wondered why they did not get their drinks at their own hotels.

I managed to get a stroll in the afternoon, but had to return speedily, on account of the extraordinary fascination which the white shoes I was wearing had for the inhabitants of Bâle. They did not stare, I must admit, at all rudely, but merely in wonderment. All the same it made one feel shy, which is perhaps a form of self-consciousness. I may add, that in Boulogne I wore brown boots, which also drew a great deal of attention on

the part of the populace.

The shops in Bâle were full of photos of Zepperlin, of airship fame; indeed, he appeared to be considered a great hero in these parts.

All Swiss men seem to be able to carry weights on their backs with the greatest ease, and I even saw a large number of boys going to school carrying knapsacks.

Now, everyone appears to have been in Bâle, which leaves one very little to write about, but if I should be asked what the place is noted for, I might safely venture: its fine railway station with bare interior, its dainty hotels, its splendid open-air fruit, vegetable and flower market, its old streets and houses, and its muddy-looking Rhine. It is, moreover, kept in a remarkably clean condition.

I noticed that in the dusk of the evening the streets were occasionally made gay by the sight of ladies riding bicycles very gracefully, and holding Chinese lanterns for lights.

I left Bâle by the 8.50 a.m. train, on the 29th for Innsbrück, the Custom's examination on the Austrian frontier being at Buchs, which we reached at 1.30 p.m., the same day.

A good many Germans were travelling by this train and I noticed how few of them possessed a trunk of any kind, bags and packages, carried by hand, and placed in the carriage racks, containing all that would appear to be necessary to their wants. I also observed that in railway journeys on the Continent one shows one's ticket in the carriage to an examining official who is, evidently, attached to the train, and very seldom in the station, as is the custom in England.

Soon after the train starts and at all important junctions you are requested to show your ticket, while, before reaching your destination, you give it up. This appears to be a better arrangement than the one of rushing about with your ticket in your hand, and perhaps squeezing through a crowded and narrow gateway.

After leaving Bâle we passed some beautifully wooded hills and orchards with heavily-laden apple trees.

The air was warm and balmy, and the whole country inviting, very pretty villages being dotted about—one named Eiken being especially picturesque. The great abundance of fruit in these

villages was remarkable, many trees being propped up to enable them to support their loads.

Our first stop was at Brugg at 10 a.m. Then we passed through a very long tunnel and the country opened out into a lovely panorama of valleys and hills. A pretty, winding river was crossed and re-crossed and then we arrived at a small town called Baden.

One noticed that bullocks were used a good deal for draught purposes as we proceeded farther, and my attention was also drawn to a dog which was guarding sheep in a field, and who appeared to be on rather unusually friendly terms with them. Indeed, he was walking about among them quite freely, keeping, of course, an eye upon them at the same time and prepared, no doubt, to assert his authority when necessary.

At 10.35 a.m. we reached Zurich, where all the railway officials were, more or less, smoking cigars. We left again at 11.15 a.m.

In the meantime a couple of Frenchwomen, one very stout and the other very thin, got into my carriage. They immediately began to exchange great confidences. The thin one pulled up her

skirt a trifle before sitting down; the stout one did not.

As we left Zurich, one had a splendid view of the town and lake, and how lovely it all was as we passed along by the water's edge! Is there another place in the world to equal Zurich? And how glorious the scenery became as we reached the smaller lake of Wesen, with the hills on the right, some of which are high enough to be kissed lightly by the clouds, while others have a much closer acquaintance! It is emotional!

There was, I forgot to mention, one German gentleman, besides the French ladies, in the carriage. He spoke good English, and I noticed that, in common with so many men on the Continent, his voice was very sonorous, and also that he was, as usual, able to afford the *table d'hôte* luncheon in the restaurant car.

At these functions one sees the constant and, seemingly, cleanly practice with regard to foreigners in general of tucking the napkin under the chin, or to one side. At one o'clock precisely the thin lady was reading her Prayer Book for all she was worth, while the stout one slumbered. These

two, confidential and bosom friends as they were, had evidently different views.

At Buchs our carriage filled up. The assistant station-master (?) here informed me that I could only take ten cigars, free of duty, into Austrian territory. Now, I had an open box containing about forty and I found that the duty upon them was extremely high. It therefore became a question whether it was worth while keeping them, especially as I had no money to waste. I decided it was not, so having taken out the "allowed ten" I asked the official how I had best dispose of the remainder. He said, with a smile, that that question could be easily settled. I took the hint and handed the cigars to him! The German who was in my carriage was highly amused when I told him the story and was, moreover, somewhat astonished at my innocence in saying anything about the box of cigars in the first instance. However, I lit one of the ten, rather savagely, and pondered over the question: "Should one always be honest?"

After leaving Buchs the scenery was still very beautiful and the fields intensely green, while fir

trees lined our route and mountains appeared on both sides. It was, moreover, becoming perceptibly warmer.

At 4.30 p.m. we went through the Arlberg tunnel, which is 10,000 yards long, and then passed St. Anton, and over the Trisanna bridge, said to be 258 feet high. The Stelvio Pass carriage road is also in these parts and is 9,000 feet high, which is probably one of the highest in Europe.

The scenery became more varied towards evening, several rapid, rough streams, pretty mountain villages, and distant snow-capped hills being contained in the panorama.

As we journeyed on, the hills became nearer and more rocky, clouds being low upon them and gorges very plentiful.

The picture was still more beautiful at Strengen, and then we crossed the river Inn and, leaving it, made our way hundreds of feet above, until the river appeared to trace its way to a snug little village below. It, however, turned up again and we re-crossed it before arriving at Landeck, where it became wider and quieter.

We reached Innsbrück at 6.30 p.m. Having

driven a considerable distance to the hotel I had intended staying at I was rather disgusted to find that there was not a vacant room!

After a journey lasting nearly all day, and when one is tired, hungry, and unwashed, I know of nothing much more disagreeable and calculated to try one's temper than to be told, when you think you have at last secured rest and food, that there is no accommodation for you. It makes one feel sorry that one came—for the moment, at any rate.

On this occasion, however, what appeared to be my misfortune was the very opposite, for having been directed to another hotel which, by the way, was also one of the "unpretentious" variety, and called the Veldidena, I found that I had got into clover. I must, therefore, be forgiven for eulogising, to some extent, my home at Innsbrück.

On driving up to the entrance I was told that all the single bedrooms were engaged, but that I could have a double one on paying a little extra, which I agreed to.

The Veldidena is a hotel of the rustic order and is situated some distance from the town. The tramway, however, passes the door. My bedroom

was a large one, containing three bedsteads, each adorned with two huge, very soft, square pillows the width of the bed. I rather liked these pillows, for when lying down the treatment accorded to one's body was more rational than if one's head alone is elevated.

There were no *table d'hôte* meals, all food being served in a restaurant, where you ordered what you pleased and when you wished. There were girls to do the waiting, who were assisted by a couple of smart little boys, all of whom were the acme of alertness. They did not, however, understand a word of English, which did not seem to matter much so far as their waiting was concerned.

The food was plentiful and homely, the bread being extremely nice, and I thoroughly enjoyed the excellent thick broth which was served at midday and was made of rabbit and vegetables, with plenty of rice. When one ordered tea which, as is usual on the Continent, appears to be considered a luxury, the waiters inquired if you took it with milk, sugar being supplied without a question. The opposite to this prevails in England.

Now, there were two restaurants in the hotel,

one, before-mentioned, for the residents, and the other, a public one, for travellers and country folks. And how everyone, including the children, lapped up the beer! But there, I do not wonder at it.

While sitting at my evening meal, Austrian officers, in their tunics and, of course, wearing swords, came in to dine, and I noticed that they invariably tucked their napkins under the right side of their chins. I wondered if there were any code of ethics in the matter according to countries. There appeared, indeed, to be no one but Austrians in the hotel, and the only thing English which was noticeable was a very fine red setter which wandered about the rooms and made the acquaintance of everybody. One wished he could speak!

A frequent occupant of the table next mine was a young Austrian (with his mother) who smoked half a dozen cigarettes after early breakfast and went on with the process after each meal. It is curious that in countries where the males appear to be never without a cigarette or cigar in their mouths, the habit has never extended to the females.

I mentioned before that large quantities of beer were consumed and it was somewhat remarkable to notice that the travellers and peasants who came in for refreshment in the adjoining restaurant would consume a quart of beer before beginning their meal, and then go on with it *ad infinitum*.

The next day, the 30th, it was raining hard, and very misty when I got up, and the mountains in which Innsbrück is set like a jewel in a ring were scarcely visible. One was now in an Alpine province of the Austrian empire where the Romans have left their mark. The old German tribes also invaded the country at one time or another and a certain number of them settled in it.

Innsbrück is the capital of the Austrian Tyrol, and is situated on both sides of the river Inn, which is rapid-flowing and muddy-looking. Its population is about 35,000. It is nearly 2,000 feet above sea level, and the average height of the surrounding mountains is about 7,000 feet.

I was greeted, on going down to breakfast, by the proprietress who, in pretty, broken English asked me "if I had slept well." This was quite unusual, I thought, in a hotel, and was enough to

soften the heart! In fact, I have never before met with greater attention than in this cosy establishment. The proprietor was a fine, honest-looking fellow, but hardly knew a word of English.

I may mention, too, that all my bedroom things were nicely arranged and dusted by the maid, and that everything was scrupulously clean. Indeed, I have come to the conclusion that where the management of a hotel is performed by a woman, it is infinitely better done, with regard to cleanliness and order, than if in the hands of the sterner sex.

There was a pretty little beer garden in the hotel grounds at the back, where one could sit "under the spreading chestnut tree;" but, on this occasion, there was no opportunity of enjoying this luxury, owing to the rain, which at noon was still coming down in torrents. The air, however, was warm and there was no wind.

During the afternoon, a violent thunderstorm came on. I went out, in spite of the rain, and having reason to believe that letters for me may have been directed to another hotel in the town, I went there and made inquiries of the majestic

portier in that establishment. I then asked him to direct me to Cook's office, which he did, but added, sarcastically, "He won't be open to-day," (referring to the manager) "Sunday—he is too big a man for that!"

To avoid the rain I went in to a cinematograph show which was held in a tiny theatre, wherein it was insufferably hot. The front seats were, sensibly I thought, the cheapest, the prices increasing as you went back, and the floor was gradually raised. Perhaps in England in, say, ten years time, this plan will be adopted! One does not care to be too close to the shivering cinematograph.

Among the pictures exhibited were portraits of the European kings. That of Edward VII was received with respect, while that of William of Germany was greeted with laughter. There were also some excellent pictures of wild animals, lions, zebras, leopards, crocodiles, etc., which appeared to be in a state of nature and roaming about their native forests and river sides. During the performance an official squirted scent over our heads, which was certainly a novel, if not a necessary proceeding.

A stroll through the streets quickly brought to one's notice that it was Sunday, for all the shops were closed.

It was remarkable, somewhat, that nearly everyone out of doors wore hooded cloaks, which were certainly very sensible things for the wet weather. The countrymen had thick woollen stockings on, and very stout black boots. The Austrian, moreover, wears his hair very closely cropped, and it is a wonder they do not shave their heads and have done with it!

The town is small and clean, with fine streets and buildings, and plenty of letter-boxes. In some respects it is quaint too, and not quite like any other. The cloisters, with their shops, remind one of Berne, while there are picturesque bits like Salzburg, although Innsbrück, to my mind, is not so romantic-looking as that place. There is plenty of space and the shops are fairly good.

One notices that the streets are busy with people, who, however, appear to be principally sightseers.

Big dogs, unmuzzled and unled, wander about, but I saw neither motor-cars nor bicycles.

Perhaps the most interesting building is the

Eglise de Cour, or Court Church. This was commenced in A.D. 1553, and finished ten years after, and contains, probably, certain works of art which are unique. There are, in the interior, ten fine columns of red marble and twenty-eight brass statues, more than life size, which represent the royal forefathers of the Emperor Max. Most of these are dated A.D. 1525, or thereabouts, and they include a particularly fine one of Arthur, King of England. There are also twenty-four beautifully sculptured plaques of Carrara marble representing the different achievements of the Emperor Max, including his marriage, and victories over his enemies.

Adjoining this church is the theatre, built in 1835, a fine building with four stately columns at the entrance. Opposite, is the King's palace, a large, plain building.

Among the other buildings of note may be mentioned the beautiful Volksthéâtre, the Arc de Triomphe, erected in 1765 by the citizens of Innsbrück as a souvenir of the entry of the Archduke Leopold with his *fiancée*, Maria Ludovica, the University, the Museum, and the Conservatoire

of Music. I may add that there is also a fine statue of Andreas Hofer, the patriot and Tyrolese leader, whose name, in these parts, is one almost to conjure with.

The old town of Innsbrück is very interesting, and was founded in the twelfth century. It contains some exceedingly quaint houses and old walls, etc.

The next day, the 31st, it was much colder, and the mountains, now visible as the mist cleared away, were seen to be covered with snow. The air was brisk and very dry and one could realise what a healthy climate it was. The sun came out at 9 a.m. and I spent the morning in walking.

I left for Budapest at 3.50 p.m., my last impression of Innsbrück not being a good one, owing to the inferior and dirty railway station and the slowness of the porters therein.

On this occasion my carriage was full at the start, and if we were all going to Budapest it was a certainty that we should have an "all night sitting." The capable German and his wife were with us, but he would persist in opening and shutting doors and windows according to tunnels,

which were pretty frequent. I was, however, glad to leave this duty to him unconditionally.

On leaving Innsbrück, the mountain and forest scenery was truly superb, while snow-capped hills could be seen in the distance.

We soon skirted a very deep ravine, and one's attention was drawn to a fine cascade. Tunnels were innumerable and the snowy hills were getting nearer on our right as we journeyed.

We passed over the Brenner Pass, which is 4,000 feet high, and then the beauty of the scenery increased, dozens of cascades and glaciers enhancing it.

As we proceeded, a pretty little town—Gozenzas —lay below us. We were rather a merry lot, I must say, in our carriage, and included a dainty little French girl, with her father, who could only speak their own language. As the two Germans could, however, converse fluently in both English and French, there was plenty of conversation.

The railway now began to descend considerably and we eventually arrived at the before-mentioned Gozenzas, which I found was a great resort for visitors.

At 6 p.m. Francesfeste was reached, where one noticed some Austrian fortresses and where I got a cup of coffee. At 8.25 p.m. we arrived at Toblach, near which place are the celebrated dolomites. We could not, however, see these extraordinary formations, as it was quite dark. The French folks left us at Toblach.

We started again shortly, and met a great many trains full of Jaegers who were coming from the army manœuvres. At 9.30 p.m. we reached Lienz, where one was able to indulge in a nice little supper for 2 krs. 60 hellers, and which was brought to the carriage. My meal was supplemented, moreover, by a delicious pear which the German lady peeled and gave me, bless her!

At 3 a.m. the following day, September 1st., we arrived at Marburg and I here indulged in one of my cigars, which were now reduced to five! My German friend did not smoke, which is very unusual among his countrymen. At 3.45 a.m., he and his wife got out, rather to my disgust, as we had been on quite friendly terms which lessened considerably the monotony of a long journey. I was now alone in the carriage. The morning air was a bit chilly

and for the first time I found an overcoat very acceptable.

At 5 a.m. I noticed that the country had become flat and there was a dense mist over the fields. Later on the morning was glorious, and what appeared to be a fair-sized lake came into view. My compartment filled up by degrees, the occupants including six young children, one of whom was carrying a puppy very carefully wrapped in a huge blanket, a father, mother, and nurse. Nine coats of different sizes and patterns were accordingly hung round the carriage wherever a suitable or unsuitable peg presented itself, while the parcels innumerable which they all carried were deposited anywhere. The youngest child, about two years old, wore pearl ear-rings. Quantities of food were soon produced, and as there is no shyness about foreigners at any age, they one and all set to and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. One of the little girls was very beautiful, and, moreover, a consummate little actress. Indeed, had I been quite certain that she had not been eating garlic I should have liked to have kissed her!

At 10.30 a.m. we arrived at Budapest, and the

morning was fine and sunny. I put up here at what is called a "first-class" hotel, being one of "great pretensions." My bedroom, however, was not too clean, and the food was only passable, considering the cost. I found the system of paying one's hotel bills by coupons convenient, in that one is not obliged to carry nearly so much money as otherwise; but in the Austrian and Hungarian hotels where *table d'hôte* meals are not, as a rule, supplied, the managers do not care for coupons which ensure meals at fixed prices, and make it also difficult for them to know what to provide for the exact amount. This was explained to me by the head waiter here, who I found to be very civil, and when travelling alone in foreign parts a little civility is very acceptable.

While having my smoke after dinner in the lounge, a guide of the "regulation pattern," conversant in every European language, polite and persuasive, came and sat beside me. In answer to my question as to whether I should find any difficulty about hotel accommodation whither I was proceeding the next day, he replied,

"Bucharest is not the same as Budapest,

and is a place people usually want to get away from."

I rather doubted this assertion, and could see that my friend was a strong and devoted admirer of the Hungarian capital. He asked me if I had ever met the late Sir Havelock Allan, for he had had the pleasure of "showing him round."

I rather astonished him by saying that I had shaken hands with Sir Havelock Allan the day he was killed on the Indian frontier! The guide then informed me that he knew the renowned Baden Powell, and finally drew my attention to an Austrian Countess who, with her husband, passed by during our conversation. He said,

"She was Miss Vanderbilt who got title in exchange for money, and who, like so many citizens of America, do not despise a high-sounding name."

And how money is worshipped on the Continent! At the hotels they seem to consider nothing else, as a rule, and one feels that any kindness shown is due to an anticipated "tip," and that every bow and smile has its price. To witness the slavish grovelling of officials, from the manager down to the

lowest flunkey, before a Vanderbilt married to a Count is a bit sickening, as well as amusing.

The next day, the 2nd September, it rained a little in the early morning, but the sun came out at ten o'clock, clouds gathering again towards noon, when the air became cooler.

I left Budapest by the 2.40 p.m. train. At the station I was lucky enough to meet an extremely civil and useful interpreter who saw to my box and procured me a seat in the only carriage which was proceeding as far as Orsova, the Hungarian frontier town. Indeed, I don't know what I should have done without him, and I never gave a man a shilling, in this instance a krone, with greater pleasure. I noticed that male travellers in these parts had a signed photo of themselves with, probably, descriptive details, in their card cases. This would seem to be a good idea in case identification should be necessary, say, after an accident.

Our carriage was full at starting, and an old gentleman with a very benevolent countenance sat opposite me. I tried him with French and informed him that I was English. At this his eyes glistened and he smiled with evident delight. He

spoke sufficient broken English, although with great effort and a good amount of stuttering, to make me understand that he was a pensioned chief of police, and, like all foreigners, thought that the English spoke very fast. He was yet another example of a non-smoker, although he carried an empty cigar case which was used as a receptacle for his travelling cap! He told me he was learning English in his old age, with the object of visiting England next year, and that he had already translated, with his master, the first act of "The Lady of Lyons." He lived at a place called Kecskemét, which name he wrote down carefully in my pocket-book, and seemed proud of the fact that it was, as he tried to explain to me, a "self-governed" town of 60,000 inhabitants, its chief exports being poultry, eggs, and fruit. He got out at his destination, where we arrived at 4.45 p.m. having bade me good-bye with a warm shake hands, and a parting remark that he failed to understand the subtle difference between the English words "voyage," and "journey." There was no time to explain, however.

The corridor system in continental trains makes

travelling very safe, as well as sociable, and its general adoption in England would, no doubt, put an end to murders, suicides, and assaults which nowadays are not so very infrequent. At all the small stations *en route* fruit was sold, which was a great relish on such hot days. We arrived at Sagat, which is evidently a large factory town, at 6.10 p.m. It now commenced to rain, and everything looked very dismal; even the barges and small craft which were "laying to" on a small river we crossed having a wet day appearance. Towards 8 p.m. I was getting very hungry and, unfortunately, one sandwich, brought with me, a piece of chocolate and a cigar, had to suffice for my dinner; a glass of Pilsen beer would have been most acceptable, but it was not to be. As a rather silent Englishman, I was always struck by the constant and untiring conversation that was going on in my carriage. One would think that everyone entering a carriage was well acquainted with each other, and one can but admire this friendliness and sociability on the part of foreigners, although I wondered, at times, if it ever became a bore to certain individuals of perhaps quiet natures.

We arrived at Orsova at 1.10 a.m. the next day, September 3rd, and this being the frontier town one had now to change trains in order to enter Roumania, which commences at Verciorova, the distance between the two places being very small, and taking only ten minutes to traverse. It was a matter of great importance that one should not, at this hour of the morning, make any mistake with regard to trains. My passport was called for, for the first time, at Orsova, and after examination was stamped by an official. I found that I had to put my watch on an hour at Verciorova, where there was a Custom's examination of handbags only. My passport was here again scrutinised, this time very carefully, and the details contained in it were copied.

I thought the station looked very clean and I was able, moreover, to get a cup of coffee and a piece of rather nasty cake. Having secured an obliging porter, who relieved me of the things I was carrying, I was soon settled in the Roumanian train. The carriage was beautifully upholstered and very comfortable. We started again at 3.5 a.m., my companions consisting of one lady and four gentle-

men, one of whom, I noticed, wore blue celluloid cuffs, a fact mentioned because I do not remember ever having seen such things before. About half an hour after starting, the lady discovered, apparently, that she was in a wrong train, and insisted upon standing at the door and arguing with the four gentlemen as to whether she or the railway officials were to blame. The argument continued, by my watch, for nearly three quarters of an hour! At four o'clock she got out, at our first stopping station. It was pitch dark and very chilly, and I must say I rather pitied her.

Being unable to sleep I saw the morning break, and as the dim light of day appeared I rubbed my eyes on looking out of the window, for everything was so Eastern in appearance. It was almost like India. Graceful women, in white draperies, were carrying pitchers on their heads, supported by the hand, and were hurrying along, barefooted, and with stately walk. The Bombay woman came vividly to one's mind.

The morning, too, was lovely and one could see that the land was in a splendid state of cultivation, fields of maize and corn being in great abundance.

We passed gardens of sunflowers and very cleanly-kept, although small, railway stations which were filled with groups of peasantry. The men wore astrakhan caps, and there was a Cossack look about them, more especially when mounted on ponies, as one often saw them. At first sight, one was aware of the fact that Roumania is a mixture of East and West: the general appearance of the country folk, the oxen-drawn country carts, the women driving the cattle in the fields, and the hideous, slate-coloured buffaloes representing the Eastern aspect. The closely-cropped hair of the Austrian, almost convict like, one had now got away from, the Roumanian being more rational in this respect.

Judging from their language, which was just as peculiar to listen to and impossible of translation as Hungarian, the four gentlemen in my carriage were evidently Roumanians. I was, consequently, unable to fraternise with them in any way.

Now, I may mention that before leaving Budapest I managed, luckily, to obtain five Roumanian shillings, which I trusted would see me through with regard to porters and cab, if necessary. I could not, therefore, afford to spend these

shillings otherwise, and had to look longingly at the lovely fruit on sale at the different stations, and with which my four companions amply supplied themselves and consumed under my very nose in the carriage. There were grapes—and it was such a thirsty day!—plums, which were tied to long sticks, apples, and exceedingly fine, new walnuts. After a surfeit of these, the four gentlemen made and lit their cigarettes, while I had to be satisfied, secretly, too, with a couple of biscuits and a peppermint for breakfast!

It was no doubt getting perceptibly warmer as we journeyed along, and the country was very flat. We passed no rivers of any size.

Bucharest was reached at twelve noon, but where was my box? It had not arrived! This was terrible, as I would be unable to change my clothes and boots. Could anything be much worse, I thought, after so long a journey? (twenty-one hours).

There was an hotel omnibus at the station and I drove off in it at once, having discovered that the railway porters here would do nothing for you under sixpence. On arrival at the hotel my passport was examined and its details taken down before I was

allowed to negotiate for a bedroom. The *portier*, an Austrian, was very civil, although full of self-importance, and only able to speak a few words of English. I got a very nice luncheon, which included a quail boiled in rice and rather like the Indian *pilaow ;* indeed, I rather think it was called by that name, here. The cooking and food were both extremely good at this hotel, and I noticed that the pepper was of the ordinary English variety and not the red stuff one gets in Hungary, which has neither heat nor flavour. The country wine (white) I found to be excellent. Dinner was served in the open air and at small tables, a huge grape-vine shading one from the sky. Grapes were very plentiful here, but were small and flavourless, while the melons and plums were exceedingly good. I may add that the water and wines were well iced.

After lunch I felt, more than ever, the want of a change of clothes, and the temporary loss of my box was a warning to one to always carry one's money on one's person, a plan which I, luckily, had adopted. And, God help you if you haven't your passport in Roumania!

In the afternoon I paid a visit to what is called

Das Rumänische Athenäum, an imposing-looking, circular building with five majestic pillars at the entrance. It contains a very fine concert-room and also a collection of sculpture and painting, none of which, however, call for any special remark.

The carriages on hire in Bucharest are exceedingly smart little conveyances, (chaises) each with a pair of horses, arab-looking, sleek, and long-tailed, with bells round their necks. They are loosely and swiftly driven by Hungarians, and, on inquiring if Roumanians were not able to drive, my informant replied,

"Oh, yes, but they have other business to do!"

The drivers wear neat little blue velvet caps with peaks, and similar in shape to those worn by our naval officers. They are robed in dark blue velvet gowns, reaching almost to the feet, and with girdles of red, white, or yellow, etc. I heard that the introduction of one-horse vehicles was tried, but that Bucharest would not tolerate the indignity at any price! The only traffic in this gay city which I noticed, was the constant stream of these swiftly driven chaises, all being of similar type; and, further, almost everybody appeared to drive.

The following day, the 4th, was beautifully fine, and the morning cool. I had a very comfortable bedroom, and ordinary English pillows for one's head, with an extra small and very soft one for placing, I believe, between the knees. A further luxury was a lavatory basin at the end of the bedroom, which had a spray attachment for a head shower bath. This was, moreover, the first time I was supplied with a bath towel. I found that most of the servants spoke French fairly well, and that cigarettes, and not cigars, were chiefly smoked.

Bucharest is a large and busy town. In the main streets, which are asphalted, and well paved, the shops are excellent and rather French in appearance. In fact, there is a decided French flavour about the whole place, although in certain parts the Eastern element is very marked, even to the peculiar odour. There is, moreover, a fascinating air of gaiety about Bucharest, more so even than in Budapest, and *cafés* abound in the principal streets and *boulevards*.

A small river, the Limbovitza, runs through the town, over which are several bridges. Among the shops, I noticed one, and also a restaurant, with the

words "High Life" written over them, but what this indicated it would be difficult to surmise. There were plenty of establishments for the sale of music (although I did not hear a sound of music in the streets) and one found therein that there are other composers in the world besides those whose names one is accustomed to, and, moreover, I saw no music written by Englishmen. There were some very fine drapers' shops, including a "Louvre;" and those for the sale of gentlemen's attire were excellent. The confectionery establishments were also first-rate and very tempting. All the tobacconists appeared to sell foreign stamps for collectors, as well as picture postcards.

The traffic kept to the right, and the tramcars were drawn by horses in the town itself; electric power being used in the outskirts. It is strange that many of the streets (I believe the larger ones) are named "Calea," while in Spain they are "Calle;" and that others are called "Strada," the same as in Malta.

I found that boot-blacks were plentiful; in fact, they shine in Bucharest! Fruit was sold at every street corner, peaches, plums, grapes, pears, and

walnuts being in great abundance. In a certain shop I saw an advertisement stating that an English professor, with a diploma of the "High School, London," taught the English *lamba* (tongue), and I wondered who the professor might be, and what "High School" he referred to.

I saw no beauty of face or figure among the fair sex during the day, but, as in India, the ladies appeared to come out in the evening, when some very fine specimens of the Budapest type were to be seen. They wore extremely smart and well-fitting skirts, some indulging in coloured collars to their bodices.

The streets appeared to be always crowded with officers, swaggering along, and as if they had very little to do. They were fairly smart-looking, some being extremely handsome, and not such dandies as Austrians who, one would think, could scarcely walk in their skin-tight uniforms. They were generally clad in light textured cloth tunics of a pale dove colour and with different hued facings, orange being much worn. I noticed occasionally some brown tunics, I believe, worn by Jaegers, while a scarlet coat was now and then to be seen.

Their trousers were, as a rule, dark, and piped with red, but some had two very broad red stripes, almost the entire width of the leg. The head-dress was a *shako* of black, blue, or white, some of them being about two-thirds of the colour of the facings, and one-third black, and ornamented with gold braid. The senior officers wore less of the colour and more of the gold braid. A few officers I met had, however, a cap very like the French *képi*. Their boots were of a very good shape (this was also noticeable among civilians) and a great number wore long boots and spurs. The cadets had plumes in their *shakos*, those of the First Grade having red ones, the Second yellow, and so on. The soldiers appeared to all wear very coarse white drill tunics, which were well soiled, and immensely thick, dark trousers piped with red and tucked into ungainly butcher boots. Very few were to be seen in the streets. Commissionaires, who had red caps, appeared to be public servants, and were to be seen everywhere. One found them most useful for taking messages, telegrams, etc.

The public buildings in Bucharest were very

striking and, I think, would hold their own against any in Europe. They are all more or less white in appearance and one can see that a great deal of art has been bestowed upon them. The post-office is, perhaps, the finest, while the State Bank and the Palace of Justice are well in keeping. The King's palace, on the other hand, is not a very imposing building. There are some fine monuments, erected, doubtless, to great men, but a want of knowledge of Roumanian history is a block to any description of them on my part. Of the hotels, the Grand Hotel du Boulevard is the most imposing. My church-hunting expedition was almost fruitless, as well as very tiring; the weather, too, was extremely hot. Furthermore, when I did manage to discover a church, I found it, as a rule, closed. One saw a great number of priests about, and they were tall, bearded men, in long, black gowns and a sort of "chimney-pot" hat made of dark velvet. One is stared at unmercifully in Bucharest, not rudely, and perhaps deservedly! The cause, on this occasion, was because I ventured to wear breeches and putties instead of trousers! The fact is, if one wishes to travel and "sight see" peace-

fully on the Continent, one should adopt nothing conspicuous or too British in costume.

The weather was becoming perceptibly warmer, and I began to suffer intensely from thirst in consequence, besides feeling a good deal out of sorts. The want of a change of clothes and boots was also very trying, and my feet were getting sore. I waited until noon for my box, and as it had not arrived, wired to the frontier station, Verciorova. The only English speaking waiter in the hotel cheered me up by saying that if the Custom's officials were keeping the box, they would not send it on until twenty-four years had elapsed! He meant twenty-four hours. At 6 p.m. a reply wire was received, saying that the box was being sent on immediately. This was some comfort, at any rate. I went to bed very early and spent a wakeful night. The fact was, the delay in receiving my box meant my detention in Bucharest and consequently the running short of money; my heart was therefore more than gladdened when at an early hour the next morning (September 5th) the *portier* brought the news to my room that the box was at the station! I hurried over breakfast and drove to the station,

where I was informed a Custom's examination of my box would be held and certain fees demanded (5 francs). It was explained to me by an official that my box had been detained at Verciorova because it had not been examined there. I remembered that my handbag was looked at, but I had no thought for my box, as I had been told at Budapest, before leaving, that heavy luggage which was insured, as mine was, would only be examined on arrival at Bucharest. Thus the matter was explained which, however, did not quite appease the annoyance I had suffered and which, moreover, cost me a good deal of money.

Although still feeling very poorly, and suffering from intense thirst, I was thankful to be able to change my clothes and boots and go out for a stroll. After a good long walk I discovered the Public Gardens, which were rather like a small park, with ornamental water, bridges, boats, swans, and fountains. There were not many flowers to be seen. What appeared to be an island was also there, upon which was built a large restaurant. Here the bands played at certain hours, but the one I heard was not up to much. While strolling in these

gardens I was astonished to hear a small boy whistle "The Merry Widow" waltz! But after all has not the music of this operetta a continental origin? Here, too, I got an introduction to Bucharest beer, a nice, light beverage which, with petroleum, forms one of the chief industries of the place. Meat is also exported in considerable quantities.

On my way home, and while sipping coffee at a restaurant I heard a conversation anent the Roumanian navy! This was certainly edifying and somewhat startling to me, for I had not known previously that the State possessed one. I was also informed that there was very little gold coinage in the country, and found, as is usual all over the Continent, that French gold is readily accepted. It was strange to note what a large number of money-changing bureaux there were in Bucharest; indeed, this can be said of all continental towns, and one can but observe that similar establishments are difficult to find in England.

I left Bucharest by the 8.10 a.m. train on September 6th for Sofia, although I felt, at the time, far

from able to sit through a long journey. Thank goodness, however, the dreadful thirst had subsided a little.

At 10.50 a.m. we reached Ramadan, which I was told was the last town on the Roumanian frontier. We left the train here, and boarded a steamer which crosses the Danube, about a mile wide, having embarked a good number of passengers. In a few minutes Rustchuck was reached.

I may mention that during the railway journey from Bucharest I received a great deal of attention and kindness from a little German gentleman in my carriage who spoke English fluently. As usual, he was most civil and polite, and as capable as I have always found his countrymen. On arrival at Ramadan he bustled about and got my ticket for the steamer, everyone seeming to make way for the little man. To save time and trouble he also shoved my passport (which was called for) in with his own, and after its examination, handed it back to me. I was very sorry to bid him "good-bye" at Rustchuck, where he remained.

On board the steamer was a holiday party going to Rustchuck for the day. They all wore blue

rosettes, as one often sees on similiar occasions in England. There was a very strict Custom's examination at Rustchuck, and, how trying and tiring it all was, with heavy handbag, rugs, mackintosh, and stick in one's hands, and having then to find one's key to open one's box which a porter has already seized and is carrying before you! Then trying to extricate, from an inner pocket, one's passport for inspection, and at the same time being severely scrutinised by the military-looking officials! It all wants a bit of doing! Finally came the rush to get a seat in the train which stood waiting on a steep incline above, not knowing for certain whether or where you may have to change on your journey. After a struggle which made me breathless, and a severe twist of my left arm, I managed to spring on to the very high splashboard of my carriage, and with my heavy weights, squeezed past others who were also, "candidates for seats!" Now during the last hour my passport had been inspected three times, and I was thankful when the train moved off, at 11.40 a.m., for Sofia.

Two parties, of three each, filled up the compartment, and having seated themselves, they

began at once to spread napkins on their knees for a meal. This consisted of hard-boiled eggs, fried fish, reminding one of establishments for the sale of this commodity at home, lumps of ham, extremities of fowls, cheese, bread, small plums, grapes, and a huge bottle of light wine. These travellers evidently knew how to travel, and did themselves well. They had neither knives nor forks, consequently chickens were rent asunder gaily, and sometimes viciously, eggs were swallowed with determination, grapes consumed, skins and all! I confess I should not have objected to join them, as I had had nothing to eat since starting on the journey. It was a case, too, of sitting bolt upright in so crowded a compartment.

After leaving Rustchuck, the country was very flat and burnt up and the villages looked even more eastern than those in Roumania. It was very hot and the two ladies in the carriage appeared to feel it intensely. I had an enormous man leaning against me for hours, and I felt I should have liked to have pricked him! One of the travellers was a veritable young dandy, clothed in a very tight, khaki-coloured suiting, his hat and hair

being of the same hue.

Now, I have come to the conclusion that one of the greatest annoyances in continental travelling is the restlessness of foreigners, for they are constantly going in and out of the carriage, pushing past one and smiling graciously. At one of the stopping stations, an old lady of about seventy got in. She was adorned with a couple of pig-tails, which was somewhat puzzling, for she was certainly not Chinese.

As we journeyed along, bullock carts drawn by ugly black buffaloes were everywhere to be seen. The day was beautifully fine—we passed within sight of Tirnovo which was the ancient capital of Bulgaria and a flourishing town from 1186 to 1393, but declined rapidly under Turkish rule. Tirnovo rises to a considerable height on a series of rocks, and consists of steep terraces, precipices, and barren defiles, while a small river winds its way here and there, which enhances the picturesque, although rugged, beauty of the place. The town is extremely narrow, and the principal street runs along the summit of rocks which are connected by bridges. This, moreover, is the only street which

is accessible to vehicles. From here, the town descends in successive and steep terraces.

Towards evening, the conductor of the train inquired of passengers if they would have dinner at seven o'clock? Just think of it! I had had no food nor drink since my dinner of the previous day, and, indeed, precious little then, as I had been feeling so out of sorts. I could not have lasted much longer without food.

A little later some high hills appeared on our left, but otherwise the country was remarkably flat. The scenery soon changed again, however, and high, rocky mountains, which looked typical of eagles' homes, seemed to rise up beside us as the moon appeared. One was again struck by the mingling of east and west, and it was not an uncommon sight to see a village which might almost be taken for an Indian one while, standing on a pathway in front of it, were girls with fine figures, dressed in white muslin and picture hats, who might be seen any summer's day in Brighton The East was again strongly suggested by the occasional appearance of caravans, halting and camping, with fires ablaze, and the oxen being

watered at a river close by. There were no camels, however. Bulgarian peasants are, I believe, all farmers, and, furthermore, own their farms.

I found, when I rose from my seat to go into the restaurant car for dinner, that my knees were so stiff that stretching by machinery was almost indicated!

We arrived at Sofia at 10.10 p.m. and on coming out into the open air I found it very cold. My box was all right this time, and I was glad to see at the station a porter from the hotel I was going to. We drove away in a two-horse chaise which travelled very fast under its pair of willing and loosely-harnessed ponies. Leaving the station, and as we drove along, one was strongly reminded of an up-country Indian cantonment, but when the tramcars appeared a little later, the scene changed. Presently there was a suggestion of Cairo, then a *boulevard* and *cafés*, thronged with motley groups, which gave a French look, although there were a good many Turkish fezzes to be seen.

After a fairly long drive we arrived at the hotel, a building of not much importance. The hotel officials were extremely polite, but were entirely

ignorant of the English tongue. One or two spoke French, one, German, and the chambermaid, Italian! The proprietor was, I believe, an army officer. There was a careless air about the place, and it was not too clean. My bedroom, however, was a nice large one and furnished with a very comfortable bed, the covering consisting of a sandwich made of a thin layer of blanket between two sheets. The pillows were large and soft. Electric light was also supplied. I was very tired, and glad to get to bed.

The next morning, 7th September, I woke at 5.30 a.m. and on looking out of the window, saw two parties of soldiers, unarmed, marching along. They were fine men, but not very particular about keeping step, and wore long and well-shaped brown overcoats, with smart German caps with white (summer) covers. Following them were some rough-looking cavalry, who were rather like Cossacks in appearance.

I found it impossible to sleep any more, on account of the traffic which was made terribly noisy by the stone-paved streets. The electric tramcars also began running pretty early. It

was a beautiful day, so after my morning coffee, which was very uninviting, I went out. Has the art of making good coffee on the Continent been forgotten, for one rarely gets it nowadays? I may mention that there was a restaurant attached to the hotel where all meals were served. It was quite like an English one, only that there was a counter at one end for the sale of sweets and cakes. A lady was in charge of this counter and just over her head was a stuffed eagle, while there was another at the other side of the room, exactly opposite. This brought to my mind the high rocks I had seen during the journey to Sofia. I may further add that the hotel confectionery counter was, so far as I could discover, the only place in Sofia for the sale of this commodity.

Now, I noticed that the soldiers and policemen had a distinctly Russian look. They were stalwart and erect. The officers, of whom I met dozens in the streets, the varieties of whose uniforms, as in Roumania, were quite bewildering, wore well-fitting frock coats, with plenty of room in them, while some had white tunics with light blue overalls and broad red stripes. A few were to be seen

in light blue tunics and some had very smart overcoats or cloaks of the same colour. The German cap which has evidently been adopted for the army is far preferable to the English one, as it is softer and not so large in circumference; in fact, it is more like our naval officers' cap. The Russian appearance of the soldiery which I mentioned before has, no doubt, been arrived at in imitation of the Russians, whom they appear to love very much and speak of as their liberators. Indeed, one of the principal streets in Sofia is named after a Russian general who fought in the war of 1877-8 and whose name was Dondukoff.

The police are dressed in khaki coloured tunics with red facings and red and black sashes round the waist, and have dark blue, red-piped trousers tucked into butcher boots. They, also, wear the German cap, with white covers, and are armed with sword and revolver. There is a great difference to be observed between the appearance of the military cadets here and those in Roumania, for the former are clothed as one might expect a village school-boy to be, and one would, I think, never suppose them to be under military training,

as seen in the streets, or that they were eventually to become officers.

The costumes of the peasants, which it would be very difficult to describe, are much more seen in the streets than at Bucharest, while I noticed a good number of long-bearded, black-gowned, and tall-hatted priests about. The chaise drivers do not wear long velvet coats, and are, for the most part, Bulgarians, while the ponies are badly groomed and not in such good condition as those in the Roumanian capital.

Sofia is a city which is somewhat difficult to describe correctly, for it is in the making, and is practically a new place. Even the paving of the streets is at present in progress, and when one leaves one or two of the principal thoroughfares, it is very difficult as well as unpleasant to make one's way about, owing to the general upheaval of the roads, and the laying down of material. In the more important streets this material consists of bricks of a superfine appearance, and which are of Bulgarian make, laid down diagonally, while small blocks of granite are also used.

I was lucky in securing the services of one of

the hotel officials to accompany me in my morning's walk, for he not only spoke French but was also highly intelligent. He informed me, almost at once, that the Bulgarians liked the Roumanians, English, and Russians, but were not fond of the Servians, nor had they any affection for the Greeks. Strange to say, he did not refer at all to the Turks. He informed me that Sofia was about thirty years old, and that previous to this, it was no more than a large Turkish village. One could readily see that a great many marks of the Turkish occupation were still present, mosques being dotted about the town, here and there.

We first passed the Royal Palace of the Prince, which is a fairly fine building. Next we came to the Officers' Club, a large and handsome erection built for the accommodation and messing of army officers. Not far from this is the Parliament House, which is a very small and unpretentious building. Having obtained admission to this, I found that the seats of the Deputies, who constitute the Parliament, were in two blocks, one being for the accommodation of those in favour of the Government, and the other for those who are against it. This

sounds peculiar, but my guide explained the matter in this way. A handsome chair for the ruling Prince was placed at one end of the building, and on a dais, and there was also a gallery for visitors. In adjoining rooms were a library, with portraits of previous presidents on the walls, and a reading-room in which all the principal European daily papers and magazines were to be found, including a copy of "The Times."

Opposite the Parliament House stands a magnificent monument to Alexander II, Czar of Russia, the liberator of Bulgaria from the Turks. It is surmounted by a very fine equestrian figure, in bronze, of Alexander II, while on the pedestal beneath are bronze figures representing different phases in the war of 1877. It is altogether a remarkable and artistic work. We next passed the establishment of the Minister of War, and then L'Imprimerie Municipale, both fine buildings. I then visited the tomb of Prince Alexander of Battenburg, the first ruler, I believe, of Bulgaria. In the mausoleum is contained the uniform worn by the Prince in the war of 1877.

The National Theatre in Sofia is a truly beauti-

ful structure, and far more imposing than that in Bucharest. Indeed, it would be hard to surpass it. My guide had now to leave me, but before doing so, directed me to the museum. This is most interesting, although small, and is contained in the principal Turkish mosque, a relic of the old days. Here one finds a great number of ancient paintings of religious subjects, which have evidently come from churches. There is also a large collection of bronze ornaments, coins, pottery, and stones, containing cryptograms of great age. I also noticed an old wooden cannon standing in one of the rooms, and a beautiful replica in stone of the monument to Alexander II. In two of the rooms upstairs is a small collection of modern paintings, one very fine example depicting the terrors connected with the Bulgarian atrocities at the hands of the Turks. One would rather like to hear the Turkish version of these atrocities.

I next made my way to the Cathedral of St. Dimanche, which is decidedly a Turkish-looking structure, and is not very large. Within, there was nothing unusual to notice, nor varying from the ordinary Orthodox (Greek) Church. On leav-

ing the cathedral, from the rising ground upon which it stands a good view of the Balkan mountains can be obtained. I next passed through what was very like an Indian bazaar. There were rows of tiny shops for the sale of fruit, bread, and nuts, etc., while chair-mending and other work was going on in some of the houses. There was, withal, a strong Eastern odour prevailing, and one could easily realise that flies were in great abundance. A dog, however, was rarely to be seen.

Now, most of the shops in Sofia are extremely poor and primitive; in fact, there is hardly one which reminds one of Western ideas. The streets were thronged with motley-clothed groups, and I seldom came across an up-to-date European lady. On the other hand, girls wearing Turkish trousers were frequently to be seen, and it was noticeable that the peasant women wore their hair in long, narrow plaits hanging down their backs like Chinese pigtails. Those worn by elderly ladies were, I fear, false! Boot-blacks, seated behind their very smart and shiny boxes, were numerous, and I noticed a good many old book shops.

I was informed that the present Zoological Gardens, which, by the way, I did not see, was to be greatly enlarged, and also that the foundations of a *Palais de Justice* were already laid.

Meanwhile, Sofia is to-day very Eastern, not too clean, and, moreover, quite different to any other European town I have visited. It was cooler than in Bucharest; consequently, I was able to continue my stroll for some hours, and went round some of the smaller streets, where I discovered, stowed away as it were, a good-sized market place. There was abundance of grapes here, and one recognised the "brinjāl" of India, on sale. What a condition the greater part of Sofia is in with regard to sanitation, or even ordinary cleanliness! If it is the desire of the Bulgarian authorities to raise the city to the dignity of an ordinary European capital, two-thirds of it might be swept away with advantage and rebuilt. I fear, however, that this description does not appear to tally with what one commonly reads in the papers with regard to Sofia, but my opinion must stand. Further, it is almost farcical

to see an up-to-date electric tramcar wending its way through unmade streets which would not do credit to an Eastern village!

Sanitation would appear to go hand in hand with civilization, while fine shops, well dressed ladies, private carriages, and music, go to make up a civilised state of affairs. None of these things however, came to my notice, although I must confess to having discovered one forlorn little music shop, but with no instruments within its dark walls.

To find any resemblance between Sofia and Paris, as some writers would have one consider is, to me, not only impossible but highly ridiculous. It is, consequently, rather difficult to realise that Bulgaria possesses a very fine army. Now, although the authorities appear to have done very little with regard to making Sofia an up-to-date city during the last thirty years, they have paved and made highly respectable, as well as imposing, the surroundings of the Royal Palace. They have seemed to have forgotten everything else. I discovered a very nice Public Garden, however, which was thronged with people all the morning. There

were a great number of officers promenading there, many of whom I noticed were short men with just a little of the Japanese in their general appearance. Some of these officers wore brown tunics, which were drawn in at the waist by plaits behind, and had scarlet facings.

I think that the most dignified, most erect, and, finest men I saw in Sofia were the orthodox priests, while the handsomest were decidedly Turks. I did not hear a sound of music in the place, and found little or no public amusement. The theatre was, unfortunately, closed at this time of year, and the only diversion which men seemed to have and which, moreover, was a pretty constant one, was their meetings at the little round *café* tables, where they gossiped and refreshed the inner man. Here one saw numbers of officers in full uniform and wearing swords, and who were apparently on equal social terms with everyone else. Indeed, the military officer on the Continent does not appear to have anything like the same social status as in England, nor is he so terribly exclusive. This constant meeting of friends in *cafés* would, I fear, soon grow stale and irksome with English folks, but

they all seem to be very content with everything in Sofia.

At dinner time, (the air being decidedly chilly) a man with red hair struck one as an uncommon sight in these parts, while there was a note of homeliness in the shouting of newspaper boys, one of whom came up to my table and lit the fag end of a cigarette which he had picked up, with the hotel matches!

After dinner a hotel porter who, by the way, in great confidence informed me that Bulgaria possessed a navy, asked me if I were not going to the Theatre of Varieties? Now, a little amusement of the kind would have been most welcome, but I felt that, not knowing a word of the language, and perhaps having a difficulty in finding my way back to the hotel, at midnight, it would be unwise to venture to this place of amusement which, moreover, was some distance off.

Before leaving Bulgaria I may mention that the chief industries of the country are the cultivation of roses and tobacco. Only one crop of roses is, I believe, produced in the year, and this lasts for about three weeks from the end of May. The

flowers are plucked in the early morning and are then taken to the distilleries. Here the essence of roses is extracted, in which is found the oil that is so extensively used in the making of perfumes and scented soaps.

I left for Belgrade the next day, September 8th, by the 5.55 p.m. train. The train was very crowded and I had great difficulty in getting a seat, the process of trying to squeeze in while carrying a large bundle of rugs in one hand and my bag and stick in the other, resulting in a further wrench of my left arm. I managed, however, to secure a corner seat in a very dirty smoking compartment, which was anything but conducive to sleep. Indeed, only one side of the compartment had seats, all of which were occupied. It was a lovely evening, and as we left Sofia there was a good view of the Balkan mountains. I found the money question during these journeys somewhat difficult, for it was well nigh impossible to enter a new country without a few coins (which were of no further use) in your pocket belonging to the last one and, what was more important, with a supply of the money now required. I had, however, managed fairly well up to

the present ("touch wood!") and was sticking very devotedly to a couple of ten franc French pieces, to be used in case of necessity, as French gold is a perfect mascot on the Continent. Indeed, I found that such coins were readily accepted at railway stations (in payment of tickets) hotels, restaurants, and shops. English gold, on the other hand, you may be obliged to change at a bank. I found that the cost of taking round my box, weighing about 55 lbs., worked out roughly at something equivalent to sixpence an hour while travelling by railway, a fact perhaps worth remembering. As we proceeded the country looked bare and primitive, and one might almost have imagined one was in Afghanistan, as I remember it. I found that, without a knowledge of the different languages of the Balkan States, the word "direct" was most useful, as well as understood by railway officials, it signifying that there was no change during the journey.

We reached the Servian frontier at about 7 p.m., but our train did not stop until we arrived at Nisch. It was then dark, and the scenery, consequently, lost to sight. About midnight an individual got

into our carriage, who rather abruptly asked me, in good English, if I were English? I was so astonished, as well as delighted, to hear my own language again, that for a moment I was rather taken aback. However, he commenced a friendly conversation at once, and informed me that he was a chief engineer on the Servian State Railway, and at present engaged in making a small railway in the country. He further said he had been in England for some time, to acquire a knowledge of his profession and the language. In a burst of enthusiasm he exclaimed that he "simply adored the English, their customs, kindness, food and homeliness." The "afternoon teas" strongly appealed to him. I drew him out to some extent with regard to Balkan politics, and the situation generally, which I will enter more fully into at the end of my account. He considered, moreover, that the murder of the late King and Queen of Servia was quite justified, the former having been weak and careless of his people's wants, and the latter not at all a desirable person. The King, I believe, wished that his wife's brother should follow him on the throne, which my friend stated could not for a moment be enter-

tained. Indeed, I gathered that the general opinion of the Servians was that these seemingly atrocious murders were quite justified, and when speaking of the subject, many smiled and treated it as rather a joke! In fact it was, in the people's opinion, the only way they had of getting rid of a system of tyranny and incompetence. They had now, my friend continued, an excellent sovereign. The country, however, which is rich in corn and maize, fruit and cattle, was still suffering, according to my informant, like Bosnia, from the coercion of Austria in preventing free trading, and in many ways curbing its development and a free access to the north and east. He agreed with me that the "Young Turk" movement might have a great influence on the Bosnians.

Drifting back to England, my friend told me how much he liked the informal salutation "Good-morning" which was so much preferable to the bowing and scraping of the German which was, in his opinion, humbug! I was next informed that to-day was the anniversary of the birthday of the Crown Prince and that I was further to keep my eyes open with regard to any display in the town on

that account. It was positively delightful to hear this young Servian exclaim: "Naturally!" (with a soft roll of the "r") in answer to my various questions, and he had withal a charming frankness of manner which was most attractive. Speaking of religious matters, I was informed that in the Orthodox Church they had no images, but that pictures were allowed, and that there was neither adoration of the Virgin Mary, nor confession; that no musical instrument (organ, etc.) was allowed in the services, but that a choir performed; and, finally, that there was no belief in the real presence. Now, I must confess that these statements somewhat astonished me, and I am, further, not prepared to vouch for their correctness.

Another piece of information was to the effect that the priests of the church were obliged to be married, once only, and as these individuals enter the priesthood at about the age of twenty, I felt obliged to remark that there must be a very large number of young husbands among them.

Now, I may mention that this conversation, which was most interesting to me, helped consider-

ably to pass away what would otherwise have been a dull and tiresome journey.

We arrived at Belgrade at 4.55 a.m. on the morning of September 9th, having passed a very extensive park just before reaching the city. My friend said it was a pity I had not been able to see the Servian scenery during the journey, which was extremely beautiful. However, I had seen the Austrian Tyrol, and I believe he had not!

My attention was called to the river Sāvé which we crossed by a bridge about half a mile long, before reaching our destination. When we got out of the train, my friend insisted upon helping me with regard to my box and the Custom's examination settled with my porter and got a man to carry all my things to the hotel, which was about half a, mile distant, for a franc. He further thought that, after our long journey, a walk in the early morning would do us good. My passport was not, strange to say, asked for on this occasion, although my name was carefully written down at the station by a military-looking official. So we started off, following the man who was carrying my things over his shoulders in a rather remarkable manner, and a

little later my friend bade me good-bye, saying that he hoped he might meet me again soon, and that he intended returning to England in due course. I still followed my man, bent as he was with the weight of my box, etc., and it was rather a funny sight to behold us trudging along over the very rough and stony paths of Belgrade at five o'clock in the morning.

We soon, however, arrived at my hotel, "The Grand," which is in the main street, where I found, to my chagrin, that not a single individual spoke either English or French! A few understood German, which I do not; regrettable fact. There was a *portier* here, a very decent fellow, but I noticed that he would only condescend to answer one question at a time, and then would walk away. I managed to make my wants known as best I could by graceful gesticulation and persuasion and was escorted to my bedroom, where I actually found a piece of soap! Now, with regard to general cleanliness, this hotel was far superior to that in Sofia; indeed, there was a better "air" about the whole establishment. The usual restaurant system for meals prevailed, the three dining-rooms being large

and scrupulously clean. The bread, I was glad to find, was rather like our English variety, and a Hungarian flavour prevailed generally, especially with regard to the red pepper and Pilsen beer.

Although a bit weary after my eleven hours of sitting up in the train, I came downstairs after a wash, at 6 a.m., and had a cup of coffee, which beverage was, I must say, better than one usually obtained. I could not help smiling, however, when, placed before me were five huge rounds of very dry bread, measuring 5½ inches high, and no butter!

My watch had now to be put back an hour, and I was apparently getting away from the East. I went for a stroll, and first noticed that the police carried revolvers and bayonets and were dressed in blue with red facings, the usual Servian cap, and butcher boots. The town was gaily decorated with Servian flags of three stripes, red, blue, and white, in honour of the Crown Prince's birthday. Belgrade signifies "White City" which is a good name, for the houses are in most cases white, the larger number of them having but one story.

So far as public buildings are concerned, Sofia is superior to Belgrade, but as a town it is in many ways inferior. The streets of the Servian city, some of which are of the *boulevard* type, are certainly very roughly paved, but they are cleanly kept, while the shops are better than those in Sofia. There is also a good electric tram service, the traffic moving to the right. It was interesting to see the carts passing along the streets drawn by oxen, which appear to do all the draught labour.

The Servian people are polite and hospitable, if a little reserved. They go to bed early, and one notices how deserted the streets are at night, at an hour when they would be thronged in the larger English towns. They are fond of dancing, one of their favourite national tunes being the so-called "Kolo." There would appear to be no very poor people in the country, and there is a system of peasant proprietorship for the land, the total area of which is about 28,850 square miles, being considerably less than that of Scotland.

As I walked along the streets I met dozens of army officers in full uniform, and what brilliant

uniforms they were! The astrakhan caps which they all appear to wear, and which, on this occasion, were surmounted in front with tall white plumes, are most becoming and smart. I noticed that the Infantry wore pale blue tunics and dark coloured trousers, while the Cavalry had red breeches. One is, however, forced to observe in all these countries the great distinction between the gorgeously-equipped officers and the coarsely-dressed rank and file. The officers I met on this occasion were coming from the cathedral, where a service had been held with reference to the birthday of the Crown Prince. Both he and the King were probably at this service, but I did not see them. I went into the cathedral, the interior of which is imposing and furnished with the usual number of paintings of Christ, etc., on the walls. Some of the paintings, however, stood upon desks in different parts of the building, and I saw a good many visitors kiss them while crossing themselves. I was greatly struck by the small number of seats (which I had also noticed in other Orthodox churches I had visited) for the accommodation of worshippers, which led one to believe that a very

large part of the congregation must stand during service. The seats, moreover, were of the hardest wood, had perfectly straight backs, and were placed against the walls of the building. On leaving the cathedral I walked to the public gardens, where a great number of officers were sitting on the seats; and many stylishly-dressed ladies, for the most part in white and very up-to-date costumes, were strolling about. They were, moreover, decidedly elegant-looking and had good figures.

The gardens are well kept and fairly extensive, while at the eastern end stands a very old fort or castle of Roman origin. The ground here is very high, and one gets a fine view of river and country scenery. The blue Sāvé can be seen wending its way down on the left to join the mighty Danube, and forming with it one river, which proceeds to the Black Sea.

Across the river stands the town of Semlin, called Zimony by the Hungarians. Although a Hungarian town, Zimony is, I believe, chiefly peopled by Servians, who, I was informed, have their own municipality. I next walked to the King's palace, which was some distance from the old fort,

and found that the building in which the late King and Queen were murdered, and which stood alongside the present palace, had since been demolished, as, I believe, it became an eyesore to the people after so tragic an event. The piece of ground upon which the building stood has since been converted into a lawn, upon which a military band plays. Among the public buildings of note may be mentioned the residence of the Minister of War, the different embassies, the National Theatre, and the Bank of Servia, none of which, with the exception of the theatre, is at all striking. I noticed the Hotel Moscow, which stands in a prominent and open position, and is the principal one in Belgrade.

At dinner where, by the way, my waiter used what I thought to be a very novel and ingenious corkscrew, on the lever system, I was intensely gratified by hearing quite the most delightful little band of musicians I had ever come across. Such performers, and such music! The band consisted of two violins, a 'cello, double bass, flute, clarinet, and grand piano, a harmonium being occasionally substituted for the latter. The combination of

these instruments was perfect, and what appeared to be Mozart's music was rendered in a masterly fashion, while the Boccherini minuet was played with a delicacy which I had before never realised. Lighter compositions were, moreover, given with great dash.

Now, it was much to be regretted that this music was not listened to by the many diners present, many of whom were officers and jabbering, pretty women, and that the completion of each item was received with what might be called insulting silence. In fact, it once more afforded one the opportunity to assert that the English, after all, are the most musical people, speaking generally. I noticed that the piano was a very fine one, and that the clarinet had a beautiful tone. After an hour's interval the band began to play again, and in the programme was one of Sousa's best marches, which was given with original and striking variations and with much force, imagination and, be it said, even emotion. I would journey to Belgrade again to hear this band, which played with such faultless intonation and execution, and which had a *repertoire*, a copy of which I was able

to obtain, of marvellous variety and extent. I noticed, however, that the only English composition included in it was a selection from "The Gondoliers," and I may mention that, with regard to literature, translations of "Sherlock Holmes" were to be seen in the book shops. The seven performers who constituted the before-mentioned band were, individually, consummate artists, their solo work being particularly good. The music ceased at 11 p.m., and having finished playing, the artists left their instruments on the floor, and walked off, careless fellows!

I left Belgrade for Serajevo (Bosnia) at 4 p.m., on 10th September, my box having been booked as far as Bosnabrod. The heat in the carriage at starting was terrific, the temperature being about 90°, I should imagine, and before entering the train my name was taken down by an official.

There was a Custom's examination at Zimony, which we reached in a quarter of an hour, having crossed the Sāvé. Here the opening of one's handbag, the procuring of one's box for the same purpose, the examination of one's passport and, finally, the struggle to one's carriage, always

difficult to find, and which, in this instance, had been nearly filled by new-comers, were all very trying. Having settled myself once more in a seat, it suddenly and luckily occurred to me that I had not got back my passport which, on this occasion, had been seized by an official wearing a Prussian helmet in the train just before our arrival at Zimony! There were only a couple of minutes before starting, and I had to rush off and find, the best way I could, the little box office wherein the passports were examined and where, after verification, I received the important document. Had I not gone for it, it would no doubt have remained at Zimony, and goodness knows how soon I should have required it again, or how I should have fared without it!

As was usual, the occupants of my carriage began entering into conversation at once, and at the top of their voices. In fact, one would have thought they were all bosom friends. There appears, moreover, to be no secrecy or modesty about these conversations, and all, male and female, join in. We left Zimony at 4.50 p.m., and entered Hungary, but, worse luck, I still possessed five Servian

francs which were of no further use to me. The conductor of the train who, by the way, examined my ticket three times in the first hour, gave me to understand that I was to change at "India!" "Oh, that's all right," I rejoined, in my best French, and at 5.45 p.m. we arrived at this curiously and tropically-named station. I changed trains here, and went on again, I think without a stop, until 9.20 p.m., when we reached Vincovze, where I had once again to alight. The guard of the train was most kind, under rather difficult circumstances, and came to my carriage several times to make known to me by signs and gesticulations—for he did not understand a word of any language I knew—that he would let me know when to get out. This he did, and then promptly escorted me to a station official, under whose charge he placed me, telling him, at the same time, that I was an Englishman travelling to Bosnabrod. I daresay he wondered what I wanted to go there for. The station official, a venerable old fellow with a kind face, pulled out his watch and pointed to the time I would have to start again. I then sat down and was able to get a glass of Pilsen beer which I had with a piece

of very dry bread from my bag. I also gave my old friend a glass of country wine which was procurable at the station, and in which he drank my health.

It was a lovely moonlight night and the air was balmy. We started again at 11.20 p.m. and crossed the Sāvé once more at 12.30 a.m. the next day. I had been put very hurriedly into a carriage where I found, to my disgust, there was not a vacant seat! After a short period of standing, however, the conductor of the train came to the rescue, and with a deal of searching found me a place in another carriage. The train was very full, and I noticed that there was only a single line of rail. Among the occupants of my compartment were a couple of Mahomedans who sat cross-legged on the seats. This journey was altogether a very trying one, and my arm ached a good deal from carrying my bag while changing trains and rushing about during the night.

At 6 a.m. (11th September) the air felt quite cool and it was very misty outside. As we passed the different small stations *en route*, one noticed the large number of Turkish fezzes about, which were

worn a good deal tilted forward. There were high hills and a fair-sized but shallow river, the Bosna, on our left, while the vegetation was profuse, ferns and wild flowers growing in abundance. As the mist gradually cleared off, maize fields came into sight, and when the sun appeared the green freshness of everything was quite beautiful. We next crossed a river gorge where women could be seen washing clothes on the rocks as they do in India. The river then appeared on the right, the hill and dale scenery becoming more impressive, while the whole country assumed a wooded appearance. This, by the way, was the first train I had yet been in which was not of the corridor type, it being of a narrow gauge. There was, however, a central gangway in the carriages, running fore and aft, along which the conductor could pass; the carriages, moreover, communicated with one another.

As we journeyed on, I noticed a small village perched up on some rocks to our right, and that our train was winding its way through gorges and beside hills in an unusual manner. The scenery gave one an idea of the Tyrol, only on a smaller scale. At 7.20 a.m. we reached Zenitza, a small

town and railway junction, and where the river led a tortuous course on our left and beautiful valleys and hills came in view in the distance. An Austrian in our carriage was at one time busily occupied in putting on a rather complicated-looking mask to fix his moustachios, and it gave one the idea that the young man had been severely wounded! He, however, removed the mask later on, when his hirsute adornment was displayed in all its rebellious glory! No one, I may add, took the slightest notice of the procedure, and I therefore concluded that it was a customary performance in these parts, even in public.

The river Bosna was now running through rocky channels and over large boulders, and as we crossed it later on, the scenery became more beautiful. At one of the stopping stations I bought a bag of grapes at the window which a fellow passenger insisted upon seizing and running off to a pump to wash. Such kindness and attention on the part of a stranger were rather foreign to one: indeed, I found the Austrian, generally, politeness itself, although one did ask me in immaculate French on one occasion, what language I was speaking!

I was, I may mention, at the time endeavouring to utter a correct sentence in French!

We arrived at Serajevo, the capital of Bosnia, at 10 a.m. and my box was there all right. A hotel bus was waiting at the station and I was glad to drive once more to my resting place. Difficulties were, however, before me for I found once more that not a word of English or French was understood by the hotel officials who greeted me with their best smiles, and further, that sight-seeing and the arranging for my journey on, etc., would give some trouble.

Dinner was served at midday and was on the ordinary restaurant system. I found the food to be excellent and there was, moreover, plenty of it, while the local beer was light and sparkling and very like that of Pilsen. Hungarian red pepper, again! I have sought, alas! for any heat or flavour in it, but have failed to find it. Now, at meal times especially, one is apt to judge of the habits of foreigners by our English standard, and to forget that, because they may put their knives in their mouths, make terrible throat noises, and tuck their napkins under their chins, such habits

do not necessarily prove them to be wrong. We dislike these habits because they are different to what we have been accustomed.

With regard to the beef question, they simply *make* one eat it in foreign hotels because of one's British nationality, which to me is a cruel tyranny. Oh, why cannot one get away occasionally from beef? And why is one to be eternally smirched with a character for having a continual longing for it?

Serajevo is a small, clean town of some 41,000 inhabitants, prettily situated, something in the Innsbrück style, at the base of hills, and with the Bosna river running through it. The main streets are asphalted, but the roads on the outskirts, where there is an electric tramway service, are white, chalky-looking, and very dusty. The shops are fairly good, and the streets thronged with people of almost every nationality. One notices many Mahomedans, including veiled women made hideous by the peculiar masks worn, on which are painted black eyes and a nose and mouth. The inhabitants promenade the riverside in the afternoons and, more so, the two main streets in the evening.

My first evening I stood at the corner where these two streets cross one another, and saw the motley groups of people, all seemingly in jubilant conversation, except the poorer Turks and lonely-looking veiled women who passed by in silence. There were smart Austrian officers with a sprinkling of cadets, who were also well uniformed, and all branches of the service were represented. Among the ladies one saw the Jewess, stout, and opulent looking; the Servian, comely, and well dressed; the Austrian, elegant, and smiling; and the Spaniard, who wears a curious, oblong white silk cap, with a flowery pattern and a gilt border. A few carriages passed by, and I noticed a pair of particularly well-bred chargers, one being ridden by its owner, a military veterinary surgeon, and the other led. Gay young school-girls, looking older than their years, also ran past. Beside me stood a Pole who was staying at my hotel. He knew a little German, and was able to make me understand the scene by gesticulation.

By 8 p.m. all the shops, which were very well lit, were quickly closed, and the crowd almost insensibly dispersed and disappeared, one solitary and

military-looking policeman being all that was left animate of the gay scene of a few moments before. I then went back to the hotel, and while seated at a table in the restaurant, Madame, the proprietress, and her husband came and sat beside me. Neither of them knew a word of English or French. Madame was from Vienna, while her husband was a Bosnian. Now, of all the good-natured, kind-looking, and civil people I have met in continental hotels this lady takes the first place. She was not exactly pretty, in the accepted sense of the term, but she had the sweetest of smiles. My friend the Pole and another gentleman were also sitting at the table, the latter, by the way, understanding a little French. The head waiter, a very civil Austrian, I found could speak a few words of English and the proprietor gave me to understand that he, the waiter, would be at my disposal for a couple of hours the next morning to show me round, and that further, Madame would procure tickets (which were necessary) for us to view the large Mahomedan mosque. Madame was a bit of an actress, and occasionally, putting her hand over her heart in a dramatic manner, would exclaim that she "loved

the English!" She had, I may mention, in answer to an inquiry about my tastes in food, ordered a couple of trout for my dinner, procured from the Bosna. They were delicious, and I felt that I was in luck, as well as extremely grateful for such attention.

Serajevo is made the more interesting owing to its Turkish quarter, so the next day, the 12th September, I strolled out after breakfast, accompanied by the head waiter, intending to visit it. We first passed the town hall, an imposing building in the Eastern style, then the large military barracks, and the Roman Catholic cathedral, which is a very plain and modern building with an interior of an Oriental flavour, but with nothing impressive. Here my guide, like all good Austrians, knelt down and said his prayers. Near this is the military post-office, an extensive building, where apparently a great deal of work is done, while further on is the Orthodox or Servian church, a large, plain, and dirty building. On entering this, I was conducted to a room in which the bishop's mitre and vestments were kept, and was also shown a curious figure of Christ painted in oils, but raised, and

attached to a piece of crimson drapery in which the figure was folded. As far as I could understand, this figure was presented to the church by the Kaiserin of Russia. Opposite the church is a quaint and very ancient Turkish cemetery which is no longer used.

I could not discover a theatre in Serajevo and I do not think there can be one.

On returning to the hotel, the good Madame asked me to inspect her kitchen, which she showed me with evident pride, (it was very clean) and then introduced me to her head cook, a stout old dame who had worked in the hotel for years. I was further promised more trout for my breakfast next day! I strolled out again in the afternoon, and went to the Turkish quarter or bazaar, which at once reminded me of India. Here one saw the Turk in his element, and squatting on the hard floor.

All kinds of small shops abound: shoemakers, tinsmiths, corn dealers, fruit sellers, bakers, locksmiths and others, too numerous to mention, being represented, while the sale of curios and fancy articles was also a feature, the many varieties of

which being both interesting and peculiar. Dotted about were Turkish coffee-houses, where one saw the Turk imbibing, and smoking cigarettes, and, withal, looking deliciously lazy. A good many were, moreover, engaged in gambling. One noticed the remarkably fine complexions of these Bosnian Turks, their faces having a warm, delicate glow, while some of the Turkish young girls I saw were extremely beautiful.

I then went on to the principal mosque, but failed, even with Madame's ticket, to get admission to the building. In the courtyard was a circular reservoir of water, with taps, beneath which the devout Mahomedan sat to wash his feet and hands before going to prayer. Having done this, he would ascend the steps of the mosque and on a mat would bend down, rising, and praying earnestly, and then bend down again several times. I next visited the Roman Catholic church of St. Paul, which is far more beautiful than the cathedral, and is surmounted by a dome. A walk of a couple of miles, passing through the market, a well-built and covered-in building, brought me to a large Infantry barracks in which I saw several squads

of Austrian soldiers drilling. During my walk I noticed a good many Austrian officers about who invariably wore the most spotless of white gloves. Indeed, you may see them standing at the corner of a slum, or walking through the open-air market of the Turkish quarter, but never without the immaculately white gloves.

On my way home a peculiar thing was brought to my notice, viz., a train running along the road at intervals, and on the same line as that used by the tramcars.

The Spanish element in Serajevo is both strange and interesting, and I failed to discover how these people originally came to Bosnia, where they have been, I was informed, four hundred years. They are pretty numerous, and, I believe, are all Jews. They still speak Spanish and reside in the so-called Spanish quarter. I visited this, and the sight of the Señoras hanging out of windows and beckoning to others in Spanish style brought one back to Gibraltar. The wearing of the fez is very general in Bosnia and it is, therefore, difficult for the stranger to distinguish the genuine Turk from the Bosnian; the latter, by the way, being of

any nationality, including Servian, Jewish or Spanish.

While sitting outside the hotel in the evening smoking my cigar, a good-sized, muzzled dog would insist on putting his paw on my foot. What he meant it was impossible to discover, but there was no doubt *he* knew. The dog was, moreover, a stranger to the hotel.

I said "good-bye" to Madame and her husband as I bade them good-night, for I was leaving early the next morning, and the good soul put a flower in my coat and exclaimed, "Good-bye, little Englander!" in pretty, broken English which she had no doubt acquired for the occasion. Her husband, meanwhile, laughed, and playfully put his hand before his eyes to screen the view!

There was a violent thunderstorm during the night, but it was quite fine and cool at 4.15 the next morning, when I was called. I drove to the station in the hotel bus and left by the 6.5 a.m. train, having secured the services of a very willing porter to get me a good seat. I noticed, moreover, that the Serajevo porters wore metal numbers by which one can remember them, which seems an excellent plan.

As we left, some small forts could be seen on the neighbouring hills, and the scenery generally was not very striking. The railway now may be described as a tiny one of narrow gauge, which winds its way round innumerable curves, and crawls along occasionally by hillsides which are covered with multitudes of ferns.

We were soon at a good height, with a lovely valley and village below, and moving very slowly. We crossed a bridge over a precipitous gorge and the scenery suddenly became intensely beautiful. Our first stop was, I think, at a small station called Ivan, which reminded one of an Indian hill station. The day was lovely, and the air brisk, and one felt very much alive. After passing through a tunnel which took about three minutes to traverse, the view became more exquisite still, the wooded hills which abounded being high and the valleys stretching away to greater distances. Bosnia is indeed a beautiful country. We passed an old Turkish, railed-in graveyard, which spoke of bygone days, while hard by, the picturesque Bosnian peasants were cutting the corn in the fields. Then we began to descend cautiously by the side of a mountain

stream, and lo ! and behold ! a cyclist was to be seen on a road hard by, who easily beat us in pace ! One looked up at high, rocky summits, and then down some 500 feet below at the never tired stream rushing along, while in front the hills had grown into bare, rugged mountains. We soon skirted a very precipitous ravine, the blackberry growing profusely by the roadside, and then passing through another tunnel, an almost Rigi-like situation, but in a different garb, presented itself. Short tunnels soon became the order of the day, and we curved about in so wonderful a manner, that one could see, at great distances below, the tunnels we were about to enter, and above, the exits of those we had left.

Meanwhile, we were descending markedly and were soon on the level again, with the mountain stream for our companion, and then once more came out into a valley, where our speed was increased accordingly. At 10.30 a.m. we arrived at Jablanica, where there was a small hotel. On leaving here, a fair-sized river, flowing pretty fast, appeared on our left, while further on were the inclines of rocky mountains and a couple of rather imposing waterfalls. We soon crossed the river, which began to

widen a little, and reached Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, at 12.45 p.m.

I was able to get some lunch here, luckily, and bought also the usual bunch of grapes for twopence. There were evidently large barracks at Mostar, and a couple of good-sized forts were to be seen on the adjacent hills. After leaving here, we kept along the right bank of the river, which widened again, and passed a very curious and evidently ancient town which was perched up on the rocks to our left. There appeared to be military posts all along the railway, which is truly a wonderful work of art, its windings among rocks and it ascents and descents being most remarkable. A succession of short tunnels now presented itself, and by 3 p.m. we had risen again to a considerable altitude, the railway being more or less hewn out of the rocks, while the valley looked about a thousand feet below!

At 3.30 p.m. we practically said "good-bye" to scenery, for the present at any rate, and were running between high rocks and shrubs which closed us in on the right, and cultivated land with distant rocks on the left. Bosnian peasantry in

their picturesque garbs were to be seen all along the route, and many appeared to be living in almost as primitive a state as the natives of India. At 5.45 p.m. I got the first glimpse of the sea, and how beautiful and blue it looked, and so far off. Still, there was a feeling of homeliness, and even comfort about it, to the heart of a Britisher.

Gradually ascending again to, probably, 1,000 feet above the valley and sea, the sight around us was gorgeous in the extreme, albeit the height and majesty of the scene was of an awfully inspiring nature. Is there another such sight in Europe? We next descended on what seemed to be the very edges of precipices! It all lacked the colouring of Switzerland, certainly, for the surroundings were more barren and rocky, but it had, withal, a grandeur of its own not to be forgotten or surpassed. An inlet of the sea, the colour of which was of a peacock blue, was soon to be seen tracing its way inland below, and many villages were dotted about. A few boats were to be seen making their way along this inlet, and from the position of our train down to the water's edge, the country was well wooded with tall firs. We next skirted the

side of the inlet, and crossing a bridge over an awful precipice, got a glimpse of the open sea and the islands of Dalmatia.

It was now getting dark, but there was a lovely red reflection from the glorious sunset, far away behind the islands. At 6.30 p.m. we arrived at Gravosa, a small town with what might be called a harbour and landing-place for passengers from the many little pleasure steamers that frequent the place. There were also small sailing vessels, which evidently carry on trading. I got out of the train at Gravosa, and then had a very fast carriage drive of twenty minutes along a dusty country road with trees on either side, when Ragusa came into view.

This is a very fashionable resort overlooking the blue sea of the Adriatic. My hotel, "the Imperial," is an up-to-date, handsome and well-appointed establishment, and I found that most of the officials spoke English. The regulation "head waiter smile" was very marked in this hotel, and there was, moreover, a facetiousness about it which was so refreshing. One appears to be obliged to "tip" this class of individual because he doesn't wait upon you. In fact, I was always ignorant as to who

really was the head waiter, until awakened to the fact by receiving at his hands my bill, he being the only one privileged to have this honour. And, oh! how this hotel business spoils the character of all those connected with its service. An otherwise charming, kind and obliging people become simply money servers, and the visitor is but a unit who has to pay for every bow and smile. At breakfast the meals were served *à la table d'hôte*, while at dinner one noticed, even in this first-rate establishment, the want of good, honest vegetables especially potatoes; that is to say, recognisable as such. There were foreigners of many nationalities here, but I did not observe any of them helping themselves to salt or pepper, except, perhaps, with cheese, while as to sauces or pickles—perish the thought! Different habits of different countries were to be seen, and I noticed an occasional German or Austrian lady, dressed regardless of expense, putting her knife in her mouth. And why not? If, again, a gentleman was pouring out wine or mineral water and his guest was to share it, he would pour a little of the liquid into his own glass first and then help his guest. And, should a visitor

come to sit at your table, he would gravely bow, and ask if he might do so.

Now, Ragusa is difficult to describe. It is an ancient, fortified town overlooking the Adriatic, its old walls being still a prominent feature. To enter the town one has to pass over a bridge which crosses a bastion, and under old archways of considerable thickness. There is a main street running through the centre of the town, while other streets, which are extremely narrow, are to be found at one side, and parallel to it. On the opposite side are streets which consist of flights of steps ascending to a good height and very much like those in Malta. They are all paved with large, flat stones, and there are no tramways. The whole town rather reminds one of Malta. The houses are strongly built of stone, while the shops are small, and principally devoted to the sale of curios, tobacco, stationery, and postcards. I visited three Roman Catholic churches, which were large buildings with the usual decorations, although I did not see an image of any kind in them. Before entering the town, and on the right, is a beautiful inlet of the sea, garnished with huge rocks, the water, as

it shallows towards the old walls, being as clear as crystal. If you pass right through the town and emerge from one of the archways, you will find yourself on the wharf of a delightful little harbour, wherein are small craft of every description. The view from here carries one straight out to sea again, a pretty island with a huge, rocky hill being on one side of the view. There are modern forts in different directions, and the Austrian officer may be seen sporting his figure everywhere.

One is struck with a certain air of freedom about Ragusa which is decidedly unusual, and one may even come across a soldier with his girl! The inhabitants, moreover, do not for, a wonder, stare one out of countenance.

It was warm, but not at all oppressive, the air being clear and brisk, with now and then a whiff of the sea. The trees and plants have quite a tropical appearance, palms growing profusely, and in company with the pine and cactus. Indeed, the hotel verandah was simply clothed in green, and the passion flower appeared to be almost growing wild. Ragusa would make a splendid subject for a theatrical performance, and its natural scenery would lend

colour of an exceptional character. The Dalmatian peasantry are very picturesque, and a great variety of costumes, difficult to describe, may be seen in the little market place which is within the city walls.

I appeared to be the only Englishman in the hotel, the greater number of the visitors having probably come from Vienna or Trieste, and by sea route from the latter place. I did not even come across the ubiquitous American. The hotel was well equipped with regard to continental newspapers, and, by the way, what wretched little things they are, as a rule, and printed too on such atrocious paper. I found no amusement in Ragusa (I believe a band played, occasionally) and I venture to assert that there is more going on in one good-sized seaside town in England, more music, more theatres, and more variety shows in a week, than there would be in Ragusa, or indeed in any other foreign town I have visited on this journey, in a month.

The next day, the 15th September, I left this beautiful but desperately "slow" place and drove in to Gravosa, where I caught the 9.45 a.m. train

for Bosnabrod. It was a lovely morning, and as we left the little railway station it was strange but welcome to see the small craft, brigs and brigantines, lying at anchor close up to the line. Once again we journeyed over the wonderful mountain railway, and I was, more than ever, awe inspired by the gigantic heights and grey-brown rocks. There was a very courteous fellow sitting opposite me in the carriage. He was an Austrian officer going on leave, and, strange to say, in mufti. One would never have guessed, from his appearance, that he was an officer, but one thing rather peculiar about him was that he wore dark brown kid gloves, a thing I had never previously seen done by a civilian, the weather being extremely hot. I suppose it was a kind of second nature to him, as officers in uniform always wear them. As we journeyed on, I observed that wherever there was a patch of green among the barren, rocky hills, the opportunity to build a few peasants' cottages thereon had been seized upon, and further, that the maize crop appeared to be all gathered in, and was laid out in the little square yards attached to the cottages, where the sun was still ripening it.

We arrived at Mostar at 3.30 p.m. This is the most important town between Ragusa and Serajevo, and the station was crowded with peasants clad in their picturesque garbs. On leaving Mostar, one notices, more particularly, what might be termed the military road which appears to accompany the line of rail the whole way and runs parallel to it, a river passing between the two for a considerable distance. We passed fantastic little waterfalls on either side of the route which was, moreover, a very tortuous one. Serajevo was reached at 10.30 p.m. and, although very tired and hungry, having been in the train since early morning, I made up my mind to continue my journey. There were a great number of military officers in the station, and it was often a source of wonder to me what they were all doing under such circumstances. It did not matter at what hour of the day or night one arrived at a station, there they were strutting about in full uniform which, moreover, always looked new and spotless. Indeed, it would never have surprised me to see a station master in a cocked hat and feathers, spurs and sword! or if the guard were to have started the train at the call of a

trumpet! There was a terrible military air about everything.

We continued our journey at 11.10 p.m., and reached Bosnabrod the following morning, 16th September, at 9.15 a.m. I had to get out of the train here to book my box on to Agram, where I intended stopping. We left again at 10.15 a.m., and ten minutes after starting, all the passengers, with bags and bundles, were hustled out to wait at a siding for another train. This change was probably at the Bosnian frontier and we were now entering Croatia. I was beginning to think, by this time, that eating and drinking can to a great extent become a habit, and that one can accustom oneself to very little food. In this instance I had been satisfied with three sandwiches (which I brought with me from Ragusa) during the last twenty-four hours. We crossed the Sāvé river just before arriving at Agram at 2.30 p.m., and it was raining slightly. I found Agram to be distinctly a shopping town, the establishments of provision dealers, drapers and chemists being perhaps the best examples. I soon, moreover, came to the conclusion that it was a place to get out of. The greater part of the town

appeared to be brand new, and there is, moreover, a new cathedral, yellow and plain, and with a pair of very high steeples which rather make the body of the building look stumpy. It is called St. Stephan. The old cathedral of St. Marco, which was built in A.D. 1100 was, I believe, destroyed by an earthquake, as indeed was the greater part of the town, in 1880. There are some new public buildings, but like the people one sees in the street, they are uninteresting. Indeed, I did not think it worth while to buy even a postcard! The tramways have not yet got beyond the wretched little one-horse variety. As I walked about the streets it seemed to me more and more inexplicable that one never heard a man or boy whistling, or even a woman singing at her work, and I have often wondered whether there are any popular tunes on the Continent.

My hotel was about the worst imaginable, and indeed hardly superior to the one in Boulogne where, however, there was somewhere to sit down except in one's bedroom. Here I could find no resting place or sitting-room, and further, no one in the establishment spoke a word of French or

English. It appeared to me to be a hotel of the commercial variety, for the yard was full of the usual heavy, strong-bound boxes which one sees in such establishments at home, and wonders where on earth they are made, bought, and sold. I took a stroll after dinner, as the evening was fine, having once again indulged in the delicious Pilsen beer, and having mentally added that it was a great pity one only got about half a glass of the liquid by the time the froth had subsided.

At breakfast the following morning, I got into conversation with a very interesting Croatian who spoke English and French fairly well, and was probably a journalist. He took me for one, at any rate, and opened his heart forthwith. He was especially fluent on the subject of Croatian independence, and laid great stress on his Slav language, giving me to understand that it was quite distinct from the Finnish tongue of the Hungarian. The Croatian language, he said, was the same as that of the Servians, although written differently. But the religion of the Croatians is Roman Catholic, while that of the Servians is Greek Orthodox. During the morning, which was decidedly chilly, I

ascended by the little railway to Old Agram, where one gets a fine view of the modern town. I went into a very ancient church there, whose roof had been newly tiled in colours and upon which was worked a large coat-of-arms. The interior was Alhambra-like in style, and I noticed that there was a very fine square tower. At dinner time I met my Croatian friend again, when he further informed me that they had their own Government laws, administration, and system of education, and that out of a population of 70,000 in Agram, three quarters were Croatians and one quarter other nations. The principal industries appear to be agriculture (corn and maize) paper, and boots. The Croatians, like the Irish, seem to have a continual grievance, and they, moreover, cordially dislike the Hungarians.

I confess to very soon tiring of Agram and was not sorry to leave for Fiume the same day by the 2.45 p.m. train. One of my carriage companions was a nice young Italian who was journeying to his home at Milan. He spoke a little French and informed me that he had served for one year in the army and had been a sergeant in an Alpine regi-

ment. He showed me, with evident pride, his discharge papers, which he apparently carried about with him. Towards evening we passed some fine mountain scenery and well wooded hills. We reached Fiume at 8 p.m. and I drove to the Hotel Europe where, thank heaven, English was spoken freely. As in the Agram hotel, save for the chair in one's bedroom or at a restaurant table, there was not another to be had, while as to a sitting-room or lounge, I could discover neither. I partook of an evening meal in the hotel restaurant, which was very expensive.

The next morning (18th September) I was up at four o'clock and left for Venice by the 5.50 a.m. train. I managed to get a cup of coffee and piece of bread before starting, and was once again convinced that a little "roughing it" does one a deal of good, for it not only leads one to eat less, from compulsion, be it said, but shakes one up into the bargain. The weather was still fine, in fact it had scarcely rained at all, at any rate during the day, since I left Innsbrück. The sea view, on leaving Fiume, was very pretty, and further on there was some beautiful mountain scenery. At 7.45 a.m. we arrived at

St. Peter. I noticed, by the way, what was to me an unusual custom prevailing in this train, viz., that women were employed for dusting purposes, and I daresay they did it well.

Divaca was reached at 8.30 a.m. and we then passed through a barren and stony country, getting another glimpse of the sea later on. At 10.15 a.m. we crossed a broad river, and then the country appeared to be well cultivated and rich-looking. The district about here is, I believe, a great wine-producing one. The first Italian town we stopped at was Udine, which was reached at 11.20 a.m., and there was accordingly a Custom's examination.

We arrived at Venice at 2.45 p.m., and I proceeded in a gondola to my hotel, where I found, to my astonishment, mosquito nets around my bed! The journey by water to my hotel, the Metropole, took about half-an-hour, so one had a good opportunity of noticing the antiquity of the buildings *en route*, as well as the noisiness and jubilation of the populace. Nearly every one was singing at the tops of their voices, and appeared, moreover, to be in a gay mood, and there was, further, not the

slightest doubt regarding the natural sonority of the men's voices. There were also plenty of children about, not too clean, perhaps, but playing heartily, which is so unusual a sight on the Continent. I failed to discover, however, any ladies with the so-called Venetian red hair. Venice is certainly romantic, but romance does not always go with cleanliness! The romance of the place is moreover, greatly marred nowadays by the steamer traffic which prevails, and which interferes also, by the constant swell from the steamers. with the graceful progression of the gondolas on the Grand Canal.

On getting up the next morning I found my face covered with an eruption from mosquito bites which would have done credit to a Bengal station in July. In fact, all the time I was in Venice I suffered tortures from the same cause, which made one not only unsightly, but irritable and disappointed. Strange, too, that no one had ever warned me of the fact, although I noticed that a large number of the inhabitants were similarly disfigured by bites. The nets on one's bed, moreover, did not seem to prevent the enemy's attack.

Otherwise the hotel was charming in every respect. We had quite the best bread I have tasted on the Continent and the only apples I had come across with a British flavour. Potatoes, as usual, were few and far between, and at dinner I must confess one could have taken a walk between the courses! There were a few Germans staying at the hotel who at meal times rather reminded one that they were more feeders than diners, just as some folks are more clothed than dressed. The usual Yankee visitors, male and female, were forcibly represented and "took charge" accordingly. Indeed, their voices could be heard all over the building.

The next day (20th September) was Sunday, so I took the opportunity of attending Mass in the gorgeously decorated cathedral of St. Mark. One heard here a fine example of the glorification of a Christian religion, both in ritual and music, by the clerics of the church. As to the rest—well, it appeared to me to savour of unreality. Hundreds of people, who were evidently sightseers, were promenading the great building, chattering to one another, pointing, and discussing every-day subjects while the service was going on. Only a very few were

intent upon any religious observance, and these were kneeling on chairs, muttering their creed and, I presume, orthodox prayers. Among the crowd I observed what was presumably a country priest going through his devotional curriculum in all earnestness, while beside him knelt another who was talking loudly to his friends, and pointing to the condition of the roof. And yet these two priests were of the same religion! An occasional obbligato of bell tinkling varied the service, while the expectoration of men, aye, and of women too, was not absent! The body of the cathedral simply became a promenade, and children were playing about among the empty chairs. During the whole of the service, boxes for a money collection were being rattled, rather aggressively, all over the building —which rather savoured of a certain seaside performance!

The congregation, meanwhile, appeared to be quite content in the knowledge that a religious ceremony was going on, which presumably was a sufficient unction for their souls. Everything, in fact, seemed to be done for them. One might be tempted to ask, with all due respect, is this re-

ligion? The walking about and talking of the sightseers did not, moreover, appear to disturb the few who were muttering their prayers. When in Belgrade, a Roman Catholic gentleman remarked to me how astonished he was at the quiet devotion of the congregations in Protestant churches. He confessed, however, that his experience in this direction was very limited, and that he had not been in Southsea. He further informed me that in his church people chattered away freely, as they pleased, while the ceremonies were going on, a fact I had now amply verified up to the hilt, in my Sunday visit to St. Marco.

On leaving the cathedral I made my way to the academy or picture gallery which probably contains a unique collection of paintings by the old Italian masters, including a few by Titian. They are almost entirely devoted to subjects connected with the Christian religion. I then returned to St. Marco and noticed, on the firing of the midday gun, how scared all the pigeons, which are so unusually tame and frequent the Plaza, became. Indeed, it was many minutes before they were reassured and returned to their perpetual haunt. On my way

home I saw an Infantry regiment march out of barracks. The men appeared to be so heavily weighted and encumbered by their huge valises, that the poor little fellows could scarcely walk. They did not trouble, moreover, to keep a very correct step, and altogether looked anything but smart.

I left Venice for Milan at 8 a.m. on 21st September, and it was a coldish, dull morning. We passed Verona at 9.50 a.m. and arrived at Milan at 12.30 p.m. I went to the Hotel Victoria, where I was given a paper to fill in containing a longer list of questions than usual, and which included one's age and the name of one's father! I found my hotel to be full of priests and the manager informed me that they had been to Rome to see the Pope and take him a large sum of money, adding that "he wished he were a Pope!"

Milan is a busy and go-ahead town, and appears to have a great deal of bustle and traffic. Indeed, it is rather remindful of a large English town; say, Birmingham.

The electric tramway service is very extensive, and is evidently in too great a hurry to stop at

certain points *en route*, so that one is obliged to, more or less, jump on and off the cars. It is also very difficult to cross some of the streets, on account of the large number of tramcars which follow along in strings. I noticed that the policemen carried very nice walking-sticks with tassels to them, and wore black kid gloves! In almost every street were to be found first-rate little cinematograph theatres, in which, as at Innsbrück, the most expensive seats were farthest back. I found, with some difficulty, the world-renowned La Scala, but could hardly believe, from the miserable exterior, that so wonderful a hall as the great opera house existed inside. The exterior is a disgrace to Milanese art, and, on viewing it, one would think it had once been, with its old, red-tiled roof, a hospital of bygone days. I was shown, with some grandeur by an attendant, the statues of Verdi, Bellini, Rossini, and Donizetti, and found that the enormous stage was occupied by workmen who were getting things into order for the production of the next opera. Another disgrace to Milan is the approach to and exterior of the Conservatoire of Music. It was all very well to inform one that Verdi and Mascagni and others had trod

the hallowed ground, but surely it is high time that the building were made compatible with its reputation and traditions.

At dinner I met a very intelligent young American, a Harvard man, who enlightened me by saying that he considered the English nobility a "set of cads." I think he may have meant snobs. He also strongly objected to American girls (who, like all girls, he explained, were foolish) marrying titles; and further endeavoured to make one believe that a millionaire might be poor because he could not perhaps realise his invested capital except at a great loss, and therefore refrained from doing so! This theory requires, to my mind, a bit of studying and is somewhat difficult to understand. Speaking of Milan cathedral he said that in his opinion it was "too utterly utter," whatever that implied. I think he meant that there was too much filigree about it. I would, however, venture to state that the first sight of this building would be calculated to give some people a lump in their throats. Later on, in the smoking-room, my young Harvard friend informed me that dentists were called doctors in America, for the

very good reason that they were obliged to be doctors before becoming dentists. I do not know if this statement is correct, but if it is I think it seems a sensible plan. We have, in England, oculists who must have medical degrees, so why not dentists? It would at any rate be the means, probably, of doing away with the class distinction which exists in England between doctors and dentists.

I may mention that, during my short stay in Milan, a good many Italians tried to impress upon me that their part in the Triple Alliance was merely a political one and that Italians were more in sympathy with the French and English than with the Germans.

To revert to the cathedral, one can scarcely realise, from written accounts, how beautiful it is, for, like the Tāj at Agra, it stands alone in its marble glory! It was commenced in 1386, and founded by a certain Duke of Milan. The white marble of which the entire structure is built was taken from the quarries of Mount Gandoglia near the Lake Maggiore. It is almost entirely Gothic in design, but I believe the west front, which

to my mind is the weak spot in this otherwise gorgeous structure, is in the Grecian style, and workmen are still busy in making alterations in and additions to its ornamentation. The shape of the building is that of a Latin cross, and comprises five naves and entrances. The length is about 480 feet, which is equal to that of St. Paul's, while the height of the two cathedrals is also about the same. The separation of the five naves is formed by fifty-two large, fluted marble columns of about seventy-two feet high, and the height of the largest nave is 164 feet. The walls of the building are about eight feet thick, and some 300 statues adorn the interior and exterior of this marvellous church.

One is allowed, on payment of a small fee, to ascend to the roof of the building, which is accomplished by 158 steps; and should one be inclined to a further ascent, the cupola, which was built in the last century, can be reached. This has a gilt statue of the Virgin Mary, to whom the church is dedicated, surmounting it. This pinnacle, however, is but one amongst 136 lesser ones, each adorned with twenty-five statues! These statues appear to be innumerable as one gazes around, and some are very

beautiful, as well as costly; two of the latest, I believe, being valued at 500,000 francs each! In every angle and nook of the vast roof one is surprised by graceful arches, galleries and parapets.

After descending, and feeling somewhat tired, I sat down on one of the many rush-bottomed chairs in the nave, but was soon accosted by an official for the price of my rash behaviour. And how this spoiled the devotional aspect of affairs and made one contemplate the fact that nothing, after all, pays like religion!

Milan can boast of other things besides its cathedral, and go where you will, it would be impossible to find such an arcade and colonnade as exist there. The extent of this wonderful structure, its height, and the artistic merits of its shops, make it at once unique and worthy of this great Italian city.

On going to my room at 10.30 p.m., I was whistling softly, when a stern voice came from the adjoining chamber asking me in peremptory tones to desist, as the owner of the voice wished to sleep. Of course I desisted, but at six o'clock the next morning I was awakened, and kept

awake, by the same gentleman, who for exactly half an hour was clearing his throat in thunderous tones! I bore this, however, but felt I would have liked to retaliate.

I left for Turin at 10.15 a.m., 23rd September, and arrived there the same day. At the railway station in Turin, and also I may add, at Milan, I found great difficulty in getting a porter. There was nothing to note in this rather short journey, and it was not long after my arrival before I began to view the place. There are excellent shops in Turin, which are chiefly situated in capacious arcades, the number and extent of which are positively bewildering. These arcades flank the very long, straight, streets. The Via Roma and Via Garibaldi appear to be two of the principal streets, and I found that cinematograph theatres were again rampant, there being, I should say, half a dozen in almost every street. There is an immense central railway station and the tramcars, as in Milan, appear to have no stopping points *en route*. I saw no beautiful women, and the postcards seemed to be inferior to what one expects nowadays. There was, strange to say, an absence of *spaghetti* from the restaurant

bills of fare, a delicacy one rather looked forward to in Italy, and the bread reminded one of macaroni. I was constantly struck by the number of dwarfs about the town, both male and female, and they all appeared to be employed as hawkers.

Now, there is a great deal to see in Turin and a great deal that is of interest, but one requires more time than I had at my disposal. Of the churches of interest may be mentioned the Domo, or cathedral, a not very striking building, but containing a wonderful Capella all in black marble. The Sacro Cuore di Maria church is modern, but possesses the largest organ of all the Italian churches, I believe, having 6,000 pipes, five keyboards, and thirty pedals. I visited the Royal Palace and was escorted through all the rooms, where one was feasted with a great display of gold and glitter, but nothing very impressive. Among the monuments, and Turin possesses a great number, I was struck by the beauty of the Traforo del Fréjus, which was erected to commemorate the piercing of the Fréjus, and was made of masses of rock which were taken from the tunnel.

The next day I took the tramway as far as

Valentine Castle, a pretty building of the seventeenth century, in the French style. It is at present the seat of an engineering school. Leaving this, one finds the river Po close by, and on the left; and a walk along its banks, where the scenery is picturesque and with wooded hills rising on the other side of the river, brought me to a mediæval castle which, to my mind, is quite the most interesting thing to be seen in Turin. Everything here appears to be as it was in mediæval days, and in the dining-room, to keep up the suggestion, the long table is laid with plates, glass and cutlery of that period. The kitchen, bedrooms, chapels, prison, throne room and other chambers are all furnished in the original style (fifteenth century) and form a very interesting reminiscence of the days when "knights were bold." The surroundings of this part of Turin constitute the Valentine Park, a well-kept and ornamented place in which there is a magnificent monument to Amedeo di Savoia Duca d'Aosta by David Calandra and upon which standsone of the finest equestrian statues in existence.

Before leaving Italy I may remark that I did not

hear a band of any kind, either in Milan or Turin, and that I noticed with what an air of jauntiness Italians wear their straw hats which, moreover, are not so high in the crown as one sees in England.

I left for Paris by the 7.25 a.m. train on 25th September, and at the door of the hotel quite half a dozen "bootses" stood waiting to say "good-bye" to me. The *portier*, however, informed me that it did not matter to which one I gave the usual "tip." This was a decided relief, and I forthwith made a careful selection, being influenced, no doubt, by the one with the most winning smile!

Rain began to fall soon after we started, but ceased at noon. We passed through the Mont Cenis tunnel and reached Modane, (where there was a Custom's examination) which is, I believe, the French frontier station, at 10.45 a.m. I was once again asked by a fellow-traveller, as I had frequently been asked before, if I were travelling alone, and rather wished my questioner would explain.

At Chambery there were five people in my carriage besides myself, four of whom were priests.

Strange to relate, a study of mouths instantly impressed itself upon me. There was the old priest with the straight-cut mouth and long upper lip which may have denoted reverence; then the mouth of his companion with its turned-down corners depicting, perhaps, the capable man, and one who should govern. There was the mouth with protruding upper lip, red and fleshy, denoting a weak intellect, and the fourth priest had a large, mobile mouth that might mean anything!

We passed Dijon at 5.15 p.m. and arrived in Paris at 10.15 p.m. The following morning I strolled out. It was a dismal, wet day, and how dismal Paris can be on such a day! I had already come to the conclusion that times had changed in the French capital, having been informed that early coffee and rolls were served in the coffee room. Why, in this very same hotel I remember the time when this little meal was brought to one's bedroom as a matter of course. Now, however, one is generally charged extra for such a luxury. I was, I may add, given a dessert spoon with my coffee cup. The question of finger glasses next came to my mind, and I remembered that I had never seen

one at any hotel I had been in on the Continent. And how one longs to get a good cup of tea, and some homely bread and butter. The waiters in Paris seem to work so automatically that they give one the idea that they have a "story," and that their thoughts are far away. Finally, one must, on the Continent, remove from one's thoughts all question of class distinction, the most monied being the most revered.

I left Paris at 10 a.m. on 27th September, my companion on this occasion being one of the better class American ladies, a widow, who had been married to a Scotchman, bless his heart! She told me that she felt, after her travels, glad to be returning to a God-fearing people, meaning the English. She added, however, that the Britishers were far too careless in everything, especially the women, and that she feared what the end would be. She informed me that she preferred dealing with English tradesmen to anyone else, but had, the previous day in Paris invested in a smart muslin dress for which she had given 570 francs! My friend was highly intelligent and well informed, and was much afraid that anyone should mistake

the usual globe-trotting American for the better class. Finally, she gave me to understand that she was exceedingly well off, her husband having been a banker, and intended, moreover, to do herself well and spare no expense. The only thing, in fact, she wanted was a nice, suitable companion.

In conclusion, I may add that my box (which, as before stated, weighed when packed, 55lbs.) cost me about £4, in English money, to take round the whole journey, which worked out, on an average, at about sixpence an hour while travelling by train.

On arrival in London I was surprised, as well as disgusted, to find that, after inquiry at six hotels, I could not get a bedroom! and that further, I was not likely to get one anywhere. The Franco-British Exhibition had brought thousands of foreigners to London, who consequently swelled the ranks of those requiring hotel accommodation. I felt that I was almost turned out of my own country, and that, also, there was a moral in the fact. My journey, therefore, was not yet quite over, and I once more took a seat in a railway carriage and went south—and home.

On making the foregoing travels known to some of my club friends, I was hailed as an interesting personage and spoken of as "the last man from the Balkans." I was soon informed, furthermore, of the serious developments which had taken place almost immediately after I had left the land of the Serbs and was requested to give my opinions as to the present state of affairs, coupled with what I had heard and seen. I therefore spent the afternoon with my friends, who were most anxious to learn from me what I considered would be the political outcome of recent events. I will therefore here relate my part of the conversation, to the best of my ability.

Austria, up to the present, has been more unfortunate in her wars than other countries have, and when the Emperor Francis Joseph came to the throne, his armies were fighting against the Hungarians and the people of Northern Italy. The war of 1859 lost him Lombardy, and that of 1866, Venetia. When, by the treaty of Berlin, Austria was allowed to occupy (not annex) Bosnia and Herzegovina, in 1878, it must be understood that the Sultan of Turkey's sovereignty

was not abolished thereby. The peoples of Bosnia and Herzegovina, before this occupation, enjoyed more freedom than they have done since and, moreover, the Austrians have always been alive to the wish of the Slav races, which include the greater part of the peoples of the Balkan States who are not Turkish or Austrian, to escape from their yoke. Indeed, the country people of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Croatia, have no doubt been taught, from time to time by Servian agitators, that their countries, by right, belong to Servia and, moreover, look to the King of Servia as their rightful ruler. Austria is said to have always endeavoured to suppress the Servian language in the schools of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and, moreover, to have naturally favoured the Roman Catholic portion of the population. It was not very surprising, therefore, that the peoples of these two countries rose in 1882 against their Austrian conquerors, and although they suffered defeat thereby, it took 200,000 men to overcome them. The present annexation of the two countries is considered by Austria to be merely a verbal change and that it will end, in time, the existing friction.

The act, however, constituted a breach of the Berlin treaty, as an occupation, only, was sanctioned by the Powers concerned. There is, too, a good deal of moral or sentimental, if not practical, difference between a sovereignty over a country and merely an occupation of it. It may easily be imagined, therefore, that the feelings of the Serbs are much deeper than Austria supposes, or wishes to suppose, and that the annexation of Bosian and Herzegovina is considered a death blow to their existence and an end to their aspirations in the future. This was well exemplified by the fact that, not long since, a form of self-government for the two countries was being agitated, and delegates had been chosen to proceed to Budapest, and there represent their case. While on their way, however, the news of the annexation reached them!

Now, it is rather curious, as well as worthy of note, that the Mussulman Serbs, who, with the Servians, probably constitute four-fifths of the inhabitants of Bosnia and Herzegovina, have joined those of the Orthodox Greek Church in this movement for self-government. Russia was originally the protector of the Slav race against Turkish

power, but latterly German (or Austrian) influence has become a more serious menace and perhaps may be traced to the fact that Germany's road to the East is through the Balkans. There can be no doubt, also, that the present weakness of Russia, together with the troubles and anxieties of Turkey, have influenced Austria in her annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Austria-Hungary with a population of 45,000,000, and with an army of—shall we say?—2,000,000 men, cannot be considered anything but a strong power, and is, moreover, important enough, among the European powers, to demand respect and consideration. The result of the present crisis in Balkan affairs would appear to depend, to a great extent, on the attitude of Turkey towards Austria, and a good understanding between the two countries is necessary for the consummation of a peaceful issue.

The removal of the Turkish boycott on Austrian trade was, therefore, to be wished for as a preliminary step towards a mutual understanding. Russia, of course, poses as the protector of the Slav races, with, some assert, a decided leaning in favour of Turkey, but it is doubtful if she is at

present competent to put her policy into action, or give more than a moral support, remembering that Germany is bound to help Austria, if necessary, against her.

To sum up, then: the Bosnians and Herzegovinians if united in arms with the Servians and Montenegrins (whose interests are identical) could not hope to be successful in a war against Austria-Hungary which would probably end in the complete loss of their independence, like Croatia and Dalmatia. The evacuation of the Sandjak of Novibazar by Austria-Hungary has, moreover, nothing to do with the case of Bosnia and Herzegovina, as it was occupied as empowered by the Berlin Treaty and with the knowledge that its evacuation could be carried out when she, Austria-Hungary, pleased. In turning to the earlier history of Bosnia and Herzegovina one finds that the two countries originally formed part of Dalmatia when the latter was a Roman province. They were afterwards occupied by Slavs, becoming a kingdom in 1376. In 1461 the Turks came upon the scene and brought the two countries under their rule. In 1862 the Turks granted a form of local govern-

ment, and at that time there was a good deal of bad feeling between Christians and Mahomedans. Indeed, religious differences have always tended to impede any hope of complete unity. The Austrians interceded, to some extent, in 1876, with the result that there was some improvement in the state of affairs, and I do not think it can ever be said that Austria has governed Bosnia and Herzegovina badly, although certain restrictions to freedom have existed and no university has been allowed to be established.

The terrible course of events in Bulgaria at the hands of the Turks in 1876, caused all the Balkan Christians to wish to free themselves from Turkish rule, and resulted in Austria being allowed to occupy Bosnia and Herzegovina. The peoples of these countries have, however, long cherished the hope of one day becoming citizens of the Free Servian states, the Sultan's authority being looked upon as more or less chimerical. The obstacle to this cherished hope has in course of time been removed from Turkey to Austria-Hungary. It may be mentioned that by the provisions of the Protocol of the agreement lately signed by Austria-

Hungary and Turkey, the former country has renounced all rights with regard to the Sandjak of Novibazar, and that all Turks living in Bosnia shall retain their Ottoman nationality and religious freedom (as hitherto) and shall, moreover, have equal rights with others. Further, that Austria-Hungary shall pay a compensation, in gold, for landed property which was possessed by the Turkish state. It is, however, to Servia that all eyes are now turned for a solution, if possible, of the Balkan question, for by the last act of Austria the Servians think they will eventually be wiped out, and if such be the case, that it would be infinitely preferable to end their independence in war.

The feelings, moreover, of the Servians will always be bitter against Austria-Hungary, and they will tell you of the continual overbearing attitude adopted towards them by Austria. They also dwell upon the antagonism of the Press of Vienna and Budapest and the more recent prevention of the entry of munitions of war into their country by Austria, which, to say the least, seemed a very high-handed measure. Indeed, Austria has from

time to time closed her frontier to Servia's commercial traffic, and probably has put difficulties in the way of free trade. Again, the treatment lately of the accredited Montenegrin Envoy when on his way to Servia, and his subsequent arrest at Agram, where he was detained twelve hours and his luggage searched, has not tended to improve matters. In fact, many Servians think that Austria is deliberately goading them on to take up arms, which would be made a sufficient excuse for war, the Austrian intention being the total absorption of the Serb race, of which they have, probably, already absorbed one half. The conquest of Servia would give Austria control of the Morava Pass which leads to Vandar and the Ægean Sea. But if it be true that Austria desires the conquest of Servia, it is more than probable that both Russia and Italy would raise an objection. Servia, on the other hand, also desires, and legitimately, an outlet to the sea, and a consideration of her geographical position will explain this. Bounded on the north by Austria-Hungary, on the south by Bulgaria and Turkey, on the east by Bulgaria and Roumania, and on the west by Bosnia, she is hemmed in to a

very large extent. She fought for her independence against Turkey, hoping to secure a united Serb nation in the Balkan Peninsula. Indeed, any freedom the Servians possess to-day, they have had to struggle hard for, and they have, moreover, a very small part of the lands occupied by their race at the present moment.

But the Servians, although Slavs, and having the same blood and speech as Bosnians, Herzegovinians, and Croatians, etc., seem to forget that a thirty years' occupation of Bosnia by the Austrians has made great changes even in the character of the Bosnian Slavs. Servia, no doubt, feels that Bosnia and Herzegovina should be united to her, and asks, therefore, for some "compensation," a claim, however, for which there does not appear to be any legal right.

Now, with regard to this "compensation," "compromise," or "sop," some diplomatists think that satisfaction would be given if the territory called the Sandjak of Novibazar, which projects from Macedonia towards Bosnia, and separates Servia from Montenegro, were handed over to Servia. By this means, Servia and Montenegro would be

able to join hands and, furthermore, get an outlet in the Adriatic. Such a "compensation," however, would be, as matters stand at the time of writing, at the expense of Turkey. The Servians have always hankered after a strip of Bosnian territory, and perhaps this concession on the part of Austria, although a smaller one, would be better. It would take the form of a strip of territory at the south-east corner of Bosnia, of some thirty or forty miles wide, which would be a belt of union between the two countries. Through this small tract of country runs, I believe, the Austro-Hungarian railway from Serajevo, one branch of which goes to the Servian frontier and the edge of the before-mentioned Sandjak, and the other to a town called Foleta which is in Herzegovina. This railway is a military and strategical one. The strip of land thus acquired would contain the river Drina and the town of Vishegrad, and would unite Servia, Montenegro, and the sea. If war should unhappily break out, Belgrade, faced and flanked as it is by Austria-Hungary, would be, in a military sense, untenable. The seat of Government would, in all likelihood, be moved to Nisch.

In fact, it is somewhat doubtful whether the strongest nation could afford, in case of war, to leave its capital on the frontier, as Belgrade is, which rather reminds one of the old lines: "An Austrian army awfully arrayed, boldly, by battery, besiege Belgrade."

It may be mentioned that the old capitals of Servia were far away from the frontier, and the removal to Belgrade was, in those days, made to secure the advantage of being nearer Austria and further from Turkey! How time has conspicuously altered this idea. Nisch is, in other respects, also superior to Belgrade as a capital, being a railway centre and having lines passing through it to Sofia and Constantinople. One may surmise that perhaps some day a line will also run through it to Antivari, on the Montenegrin coast.

Now, in case of war, how does Servia stand with regard to the forces at her disposal? The resources of a country with a population of, say, two and a half millions cannot be very great. The peace strength of the army is about 22,000 rank and file raised, during the drill season, to perhaps

35,000. The war establishment, however, would be about 200,000 men of the so-called first and second ban, behind which would be a third of some 50,000 more. The total war strength may, therefore, be put down at approximately, 250,000 men. One drawback to these forces is, that there appears to be a difference in the pattern of the rifles issued to the Infantry, some being armed with Mauser repeating rifles and others with the Berdan, single cartridge, variety. The Cavalry are armed with, I believe, Mauser-Roka carbines. Factories exist in Servia for the conversion of rifles and the manufacture of ammunition and powder. The artillery are probably not so efficient as they might be.

Finally, I am of opinion that the fact of Austria-Hungary coming to terms over the question of Bosnia and Herzegovina will not settle the matter so far as Servia is concerned. Servia has always entertained the hope of a union with these two states and, indeed, may also see in such an agreement a further policy of expansion on the part of Austria, and may naturally ask themselves where and how it will all end? On the other hand, the

defeat of Servia would not be of much gain to Austria, as the Servians are too poor to pay a war indemnity. Again, what country would dare to help Servia in case of war? Russia, Italy, England? I think not, for these countries might not consider the existence, even, of Servia, necessary to them. The country which would appear to have the most sympathy with the Servians is Montenegro which, like Servia and Roumania, is an independent state. The Montenegrins are a proud and gallant people who for centuries held their own against Turkey. Their mode of warfare would be chiefly mountainous and of the guerilla type, and to defeat them a country would probably require ten times as many men as the Montenegrins can muster. Their army at present consists of 36,000 Infantry, and 1,200 Artillery, but the State is said to possess three rifles to each man, so that, if necessary, the Serbs of outlying districts could be armed. They also possess forty-eight mountain, twenty machine, thirty-six field, and forty-four siege guns.

The position to be taken by the Bulgarians in the present crisis is difficult, as well as uncertain.

What is the present attitude of Bulgaria towards Turkey, under the suzerainty of whose Sultan it was made a principality in July, 1878? To gain her independence, therefore, must not Bulgaria obtain the sanction of Turkey? The seizure of the railway by the Bulgarians seems to have been the starting point of all the present troubles, and was, I believe, carried out by order of the Minister of Commerce, Prince Ferdinand and his Prime Minister being away at the time. The pretext for the seizure has been stated to be the sending by the Turkish government of a couple of officers and a company of soldiers into Bulgarian territory for the settling of a railway strike. Of course, this act was a serious one. There are, however, still a number of Bulgarians, and one can easily meet them in Sofia, whose sympathies are with the Turks and who, consequently, are against the attitude taken up by their present government, From conversations, moreover, which I had with Bulgarians, I was also led to believe that they infinitely preferred the Turks to the Greeks. They still, moreover, dream of the freedom of Macedonia and its Bulgarian population, a situation which

rather clashes with the views of the Greeks regarding that country. Good relations between Bulgaria and Turkey were not improved by the boycott of Bulgarian trade or by certain passages in the speech from the Turkish throne which seemed to suggest that the annexation, by Austria, of Bosnia and Herzegovina was a consequence of the proclamation of Bulgaria as an independent kingdom.

A great deal would seem to depend upon the issue between Turkey and Bulgaria, and if the question of financial compensation be raised for the seizure of the railway, it is difficult to surmise how Bulgaria can meet it, seeing that the arrears due to Turkey of the Bulgarian tribute are, I believe, thirty years due. The differences, on the other hand, between Bulgaria and Servia are not very serious. They are both Slav peoples, and should Austria-Hungary move against Servia, who can say if the Bulgarians will stand by and do nothing? At the same time, those who are "in the know" are of opinion that Austria-Hungary is in sympathy with Bulgaria with regard to Turkey, and some observers have even gone so far as to think

that an understanding already exists between Austria and Prince Ferdinand.

The matter, indeed, becomes more complicated the more one goes into it. A solution, perhaps, would be forthcoming should Servia, Montenegro, Bulgaria, Roumania, and, perhaps (who can say?) Turkey, form an alliance. Such an alliance would further have the moral support, if no more, of the Serbs of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Croatia, etc., Bulgaria, unlike Servia, has an outlet to the sea, with a large coast line, and is, moreover, more free to act, as she has not as a neighbour Austria-Hungary. Bulgaria, indeed, holds a very strong card in the game; at the same time, her acts may possibly be to some extent controlled by the desire to obtain some of the districts belonging at present to Turkey. In case of war, it is the opinion of most critics that the Bulgarian army is a factor to be reckoned with. The Bulgarians, moreover, delight in their army, its perfection, at any rate in their eyes, and its absolute reliability. They are, however, a people rather fond of the game of bluff, especially where it concerns Turkey, and are apt to be a little too conceited, perhaps, with

regard to their strength. It remains to be seen whether such absolute confidence is justified. On a peace footing, the army consists of about 45,000 rank and file, and their training is mainly con ducted according to Russian ideas, which, however, may be changed some day. The Infantry is composed of thirty-six regiments of two battalions each, armed with Mannlicher rifles, of which there are said to be some 200,000 in the country. The Cavalry is somewhat weak, and consists of four (some say six) regiments, of four squadrons each, and a divisional corps, the total amounting to, say from twenty-seven to thirty-six squadrons. Non-commissioned officers both of Cavalry and Infantry are armed with revolvers and swords. Of the Artillery there are nine field regiments, each having six horse batteries, a battery having four guns in peace and six in war time. There are also a large number of quick-firing guns and a mountain artillery. A Militia also exists which would be armed, probably, with Berdan rifles and could be raised in war time to about 100,000 men. In case of war, the strength of the army has been put down to 200,000 men; indeed, some say

350,000. Other nationalities, besides those enumerated, may be involved in a Balkan crisis, among whom may be mentioned the Roumanians, who up to the present time appear to have kept aloof. Again, what are the Albanians, who are Mahomedans, going to do? They hate the Serbs, if I mistake not, a great number having been driven out of Servia in 1878.

In conclusion, one must revert to Servia, which country at the present time is the centre of observation, and upon whose action so much depends. It is all very well to say that, consequent upon the advice of Russia, Servia should abandon all idea of territorial compensation, and that an improvement in the situation has already taken place. Austria will not be satisfied with half measures and will insist upon Servia making an absolute renunciation of her demands, and, be it noted, that no conference held to discuss the situation will influence Austria or cause her to budge an inch! France, too, is inclined to consider that Austria is acting the part of a bully in the matter, and does not wish to see Servia left quite at the mercy of her powerful neighbour. Austria-Hungary will be guided solely

by her own interests and, be it said, will be responsible for the peace of Europe.

The final question then remains. Will Servia renounce for ever her territorial claims?

Impressions in Germany and Austria

Impressions in Germany and Austria.

I was sitting in my club, smoking, one evening in July, 1906, and the conversation turned upon our relations with Germany. When I informed the company that I proposed visiting that country shortly, although I did not know one word of the language, one of my friends remarked that it was a foolish thing to do, especially as the Germans were not on good terms with the English. Another said the journey which I was about to take would almost be impossible of achievement under the circumstances, and that, moreover, the heat would be intense and would necessitate my returning home before I was half way through my tour. My own ideas, however, were very strong on the subject, for I had always felt that the strained relations between England and Germany were probably due in a great measure to certain newspapers whose hysterical articles should be stifled. Indeed, I felt

sure that the Germans were far better folks than the man in the street and others at home thought, but that there must, naturally, be a certain amount of jealous rivalry between the two countries.

I therefore mapped out my plans for the journey, and made up my mind to visit some of the principal towns of Germany and Austria, etc., and to draw my own conclusions, based upon what I saw and whom I came in contact with. I was well aware that I might have great difficulties, but that fact seemed to give a point to the undertaking. With regard to the heat, I had no fear, for I had had seventeen years' experience of tropical and Mediterranean climates, while, as to knowing absolutely nothing of the language I had great faith in the linguistic powers of the German waiter. I may add that all my journeys were performed by day, for by this procedure one has an excellent view of the country, and a night's rest in bed, which is a great advantage and comfort, while it is much easier to look after one's belongings by daylight, especially when the ordeal of Custom's examinations has to be gone through.

With regard to luggage, I think it is wiser to

take a small, light box than a couple of portmanteaux or Gladstone bags, as most travellers, especially foreigners, do. If you take the latter, carrying them by hand to save cost of luggage in the van, it is a case of not only rushing to get first into your carriage in order to find room for them in the overloaded racks, but also of constantly paying porters for carrying them. On the other hand, a small box will not cost so very much, and saves a deal of trouble, while one's clothes will be better packed. Mine, when packed, only weighed 46 lbs. and as it contained sufficient linen, etc., for the whole journey, washing bills were saved, which was a great consideration. One should also carry a fair sized handbag, which will be found very useful for odds and ends.

I can further strongly recommend having plenty of pockets in one's garments, and also flaps with buttons, made to them. A canvas case for umbrella and sticks will also be found useful, and last, but not least, a pound of plain biscuits and some chocolate in your handbag will come in handy in the train and may, occasionally, save one a good deal of money in the way of luncheons. I would

advise the traveller to be very early when starting at the London station, as one's box has to be weighed, etc., and you will find that an hour to spare will not be too much. I made out my route as follows: —

London, Dover, Calais, Brussels, Cologne, Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Budapest (by steamer) back to Vienna (by rail) Salzburg, Munich, Stuttgart, Strasburg, Paris, Rouen, Calais, Dover, London.

Leaving Victoria Station on the morning of 11th July, I arrived after an excellent passage across the channel at Calais, where my handbag was promptly snatched out of my hand by a very elderly French gentleman of the porter persuasion who spoke English and requested the pleasure of escorting me to the Brussels train. Having performed this arduous duty he demanded a shilling (a franc would not do) which I gave him, as I felt quite in his clutches. I may mention that I had "registered" my box through to Brussels, at Victoria. The sole occupant of my carriage was a portly Frenchman, probably a small tradesman, who shook hands with me when I whispered to

him the magic words "Entente Cordiale!" He appeared to be in mourning, judging by his black shirt studs, necktie, and suit of clothes. When we arrived at Lille he introduced me to a newspaper boy who was passing our carriage window, and informed him of the fact that I was English, at which the boy grinned delightfully and made some flattering remarks. I knew enough French to understand this. I did not, however, buy one of his papers, so he passed on sorrowfully.

When we started again the stout gentleman rolled up a cigarette in his fat fingers and smoked away, at the same time pointing playfully at the printed instructions adorning the carriage which strictly forbade smoking. I rather think, moreover, that he had only a third-class ticket (I was travelling second) but this did not trouble him in the least. He eventually got out and we had another shake hands and a mutual expression of "L'Entente cordiale."

At Blondaine one reaches the Belgian frontier, which necessitates getting out and undergoing the Custom's examination, and then returning to your carriage, if you can find it. We then went on

again, and I noticed, particularly, that one of the stations we passed had rather a stupid name—Silly. I arrived at Brussels the same evening and in time for dinner. Armed with a supply of so-called coupons I drove to the Hotel Metropole, and, as requested, at once informed the manager that I was a coupon-holder.

"Do you take them?" I asked.

"Ye-e-es," he replied, but I thought he did not look quite pleased, which damped my feelings. However, as I intended using these coupons during the whole of my travels I made up my mind to face the thing bravely, not to be too thin-skinned, and to await results. I found, moreover, that it was no use being poor and proud, money being everything, and that one must get used to the fact of the bowing and scraping of hotel officials getting beautifully less on the discovery that one is merely a coupon-holder although, perhaps, a gentleman.

They may not treat the holders of coupons much worse than others, but evidently look upon them as poorer folks and, in consequence, not to be worshipped. Indeed, it would be rather amusing to watch a continental hotel manager's face, if on

entering his domain you said: "I have so and so's coupons; I tell you this so that you may have the opportunity of giving me one of your best rooms!" I don't think even this would raise a smile, at any rate on a German. I may further mention that if you have coupons, you should be careful to take your meals at the stated hours, or you will be charged *à la carte*, which is more expensive. I found also, that being the possessor of coupons some hotel officials were always on their guard lest they might give one too much in the way of food for one's money, and I observed that in at least two instances my luncheon was different to the ordinary one and that, occasionally, fowls appeared to be built especially tough for the coupon-holder. I, however, made the resolution that if the wing of a chicken were tough, not to be down-hearted, but to try a leg, which might possibly have belonged to another and better bird.

At the Hotel Metropole, Brussels, I was given a bedroom not quite at the summit of the magnificent building, but as it was scrupulously clean and arrived at by a lift, I whistled softly and was determined to enjoy myself. A negro, dressed in

scarlet and gold, and plush knee breeches, announced dinner, and gracefully waved one to the door of the gorgeous dining-room. After a sumptuous repast, for which a coupon-holder has to pay something extra, I strolled over to a large counter in the hall and made the acquaintance of an interpreter attached to the hotel, who certainly spoke the most perfect English imaginable in a foreigner and who, to my surprise, told me he was a Frenchman. He was, moreover, a most useful and obliging man, and full of information.

The next day, the 12th, I made up my mind to pay a visit to Waterloo, having in the first instance been instructed as to trains, etc., by the before-mentioned interpreter, who further requested me to beware of pickpockets and female touts. These individuals, I understand, infest the Waterloo trains and district. The interpreter provided me, on payment, with a ticket which would cover the cost of driving (at the end of the train journey) to Mrs. Brown's hotel, where the services of a guide would also be supplied, and one who apparently had the legitimate monopoly of describing the famous battlefield. I took a tramcar nearly opposite the hotel to the Midi Station. Soon

after I sat down my attention was drawn to what I considered a very sagacious dog which leaped on the car from the street and quietly jumped off at a certain point a good deal further on, where I noticed it ran quickly down a by-street, and evidently to its home. At the Midi Station I booked to Braine l'Alleud, which is the station for Waterloo. Sitting opposite me in the railway carriage was, strange to say, a German gentleman with whom I was well acquainted, and who was head of a music firm in London. He remarked, wisely, that the world was after all very small. Seated next him was a lady of rather prepossessing appearance, but whose face was very much "made up." She had a sort of chronic smile as well as, I thought, a very sly expression. She, moreover, distinctly smirked and smiled, and my German friend must have thought that I was acquainted with her. I had never set eyes upon her before. When I alighted at Braine l'Alleud the lady got out too, continuing to smile. I, however, noticed a distinct change of expression when she saw me walk over to a carriage which was labelled "Mrs. Brown" and which for my ticket was to convey me, and others, to Waterloo.

This lady was one of the female touts that the interpreter had warned me about. I have since wondered whether my adviser may have had an interest of his own in the disposal of the "Brown" tickets.

I drove, with half a dozen other gentlemen, to the Hotel du Musée, and having there inspected a very interesting collection of arms, manuscripts, photos, and uniforms, etc., which had been recovered from the battlefield and, in some cases, given by the relatives of officers who had fought there, our guide joined the party. We then prepared to ascend the steps of the great memorial erected by the Allies and on the summit of which is the statue of a lion. Now, although this conical mound does not look unusually large at the bottom, it takes a considerable time to get to the top, for it is 130 feet high, and I was very tired before I got half way up. From the summit there is a very fine view of the battlefield, which appears to be much smaller than one expected to find. Compared, of course, with a modern battlefield it is extremely small. Indeed, I believe Wellington's front was only about two miles long, and I observed that if the right of his

position rested on Hongoumont it must have been pushed forward considerably in that direction. A good view of Hongoumont, La belle Alliance and La Haie Sainte is obtained, but one misses the ridge which one has read about as being included in Wellington's position, as also a certain valley. I was informed that this ridge was probably cut away to furnish material for the mount we were standing upon and that the valley disappeared with it.

Our guide was Sergeant-Major Welsh, late of the 10th Hussars, a fine, handsome fellow dressed in khaki uniform and displaying the Afghan and South African medal ribbons. I found that he had served with friends of mine in Afghanistan, so of course we became rather confidential, and during his lecture on the battle he came out with occasional Hindustani expressions, no doubt for my edification. He also had a habit of carefully spelling the names of all the interesting places connected with the battlefield, and I wondered if he thought all tourists were naturally ignorant. He had a very excellent idea of what occurred on the memorable day which decided to a great extent the fate of Europe, and knew, not only the names of every regiment engaged, but

those of the principal officers. He further laid great stress on the fact that it was Von Bulow and not Blücher to whom the most credit of saving the Allied army should be given, and in a moment of enthusiasm he raised his cap in a theatrical manner and exclaimed,

"I take off my hat to Von Bulow!"

He further informed us that on one occasion on making this remark a gentleman standing by shook hands with him and said he was one of Von Bulow's descendants. The Sergeant-Major then stated that he had had the honour of repeating his lecture to many distinguished persons. His fee was a franc a head, so that he should make a very fair income out of it. On this occasion, while describing the battle, he was frequently interrupted by a Scotchman present who had evidently read up the events of the battle thoroughly, and who argued and contested each point as narrated by the Sergeant-Major. Indeed, he would have his "say" in the matter, which contrasted very considerably with the remainder of the party, who were Irishmen and who appeared to be delighted with everything, whether true or not, and who found plenty of fun in the

whole proceeding. The Scotchman, however, was not to be beaten, and when the Sergeant-Major began in his most dramatic manner with outstretched arm to exclaim,

"And, finally, gentlemen, Napoleon ordered the Imperial Guard, the flower of his army, to advance!" the son of Scotland interrupted by saying,

"I hae ma doots aboot that."

Our worthy lecturer got a bit angry once or twice, but managed to keep his temper (I daresay he was accustomed to Scotchmen) under control, and taking off his cap would quietly remark,

"Well, sir, our opinions differ."

I rather fancied that our Scotch friend was not enamoured of the fact that Waterloo was fought on a Sunday! So I mentioned that Napoleon chose that day for his attack because he thought his enemy would be busy with Divine service. The Scotchman still looked both serious and doubtful. Our lecturer then remarked that Wellington was on the defensive, having retired from Quartre Bras, and that his original plan was not to fight Napoleon until Blucher had come up with the Prussians.

He gave me his card before I left, and handed me another for an officer of the 10th Hussars who, I told him, lived in the town I did, and who is a retired medical officer; and my friend added, on parting, that he had known him in the good old days when the doctor was the father of the regiment.

Who won the battle of Waterloo? Such a question, to many Englishmen, probably sounds superfluous, but I should have dearly liked to have had the private opinions of Napoleon and Wellington on the subject. The question, too, is uppermost in one's mind when visiting the battlefield, and also when listening to Sergeant-Major Welsh's lecture. The fact remains that both armies were probably "done" before the Prussians arrived to seal the fate of the gallant Frenchmen, and, had they not come, it is impossible to say what would have happened, although one may surmise that both armies would have ceased fighting for that day, at any rate.

At the close of the lecture I drove round to Hongoumont in a perfect deluge of rain. I was there at once struck, as I had been on visiting the

Residency at Lucknow, a memento of the Mutiny, with the pathetic nature of this old monument to the bravery of its defenders and attackers. The little chapel still remains, and the brickwork of the well, now overgrown with vegetation, still marks the spot where the exhausted soldiers quenched their thirst. The north gate and surrounding walls demonstrate by their condition how desperate the fighting must have been.

I returned to Brussels the same evening. The following morning I strolled about the town and was struck with the crowds of people about in the fine broad streets, but I did not hear a sound of music anywhere, not even a barrel organ; so different to England in that respect. I noticed very few dogs about, and when one did appear it was a wretched little animal muzzled, and dragged along on a leash. There was not a terrier, seemingly, in the land, and the only decent-looking animals were harnessed to small carts. Of the churches, St. Gudule, which reminds one somewhat of Lincoln Cathedral outside is, perhaps, the finest. I paid a visit to the Musée Wiertz, where there is a collection of oil paintings remarkable for their enormous size

and gruesome subjects. I found that the officials, of whom one made inquiries, were civil, but discovered that it was well, in Brussels, to examine one's change, as there is plenty of bad money in circulation. The ladies I passed in the streets wore their hats a good deal tipped forward and did not strike one as being remarkable for beauty. I may mention that in the Hotel Metropole, as in every continental hotel I stayed at, there was no soap in one's bedroom, which is a fact worth remembering; that the matches were red, the loaf sugar in large, square pieces, and that the coffee was very bad, but that the flowers for table and other decoration were exquisite. I would advise male travellers to bring with them a small looking-glass which will stand up, to shave by, as the bedroom mirrors are invariably placed in dark and inconvenient places; also, not to purchase picture postcards or cigars at the hotel as they are so expensive—it is better to take a walk. I mentioned before that there was a supplementary charge made on the dinner coupon at the Hotel Metropole, and as this occurs at other continental hotels it is worth making a note of for future guidance. An extra charge is also occa-

sionally made for one's bedroom.

On Friday 13th I left for Cologne, having supplied myself with a little German money from an agent of Cook's whom I met at the station, and who was extremely courteous and obliging. One now began to pay for luggage, but was not charged for anything placed in the carriage which, with many individuals I came across, amounted to a very great deal.

It may be mentioned that the station for Cologne is the Nord, and I found the second-class carriages excellent. A couple of Frenchmen occupied seats in my compartment, and shortly after starting they commenced unloading their bags of eatables in a most serious manner, and made a good square meal. It was, moreover, quite fascinating to me to listen to the pronunciation of innumerable "Mer-cies" with a very long hiss on the "cies."

As we approached the German frontier the country was well wooded, green and fairly hilly, and we passed several small rivers. Other passengers got in and I had plenty of opportunity for observation. To diagnose to what country a woman belongs, I found that watching the mouth when speaking was

an excellent plan. A good fat "schlloss" will stamp the German lady. As to the men, their feet, of which more anon, are very indicative, while in the smoking-room of a hotel you can invariably ascertain the fact by observing the newspapers they read, and these rooms are always provided with English, American, German, and French literature. Germans appears to smoke in any railway carriage; indeed, I noticed that all carriages were provided with ash trays, although the warning not to smoke was written up in certain of them, as in England. It is, moreover, always a cigar with the German, one seldom sees a cigarette, and I never saw a pipe. The cigars they smoke are very cheap, good, and mild. I had lunch in the train restaurant, which was certainly not good. The buildings in the small towns and the railway stations *en route* reminded one a good deal of England. A Custom's examination took place at Herbesthal.

We reached Cologne at 4.20 p.m. and I found the station to be a magnificent one of 22,200 metres, and quite English in appearance, while just outside it stands the stately cathedral. I was much pleased to note how intelligent and obliging all the railway

officials were, and had no difficulty whatever with regard to my luggage, owing to the excellent system of registration. By this system one receives, at the booking station, a ticket for one's luggage, which is given to a porter on arrival at your destination, who then obtains your things readily and brings them to your 'bus or carriage which he has previously directed you to. At Cologne, however, I was even able to dispense with the services of a porter, my hotel bus being ready at hand, to the conductor of which I handed my luggage ticket. He instantly ran off and secured my box and away we went to the Hotel Disch. I may mention that threepence is about the correct "tip" for a porter on these occasions. I was ushered into a very small bedroom overlooking a narrow street, and before I had been in it five minutes a children's school, *en fête*, passed by headed by a drum and fife band composed of tiny boys and girls who played "God save the King," as they marched along. Then a street organ began to discuss a Spanish tune. This was all so unlike Brussels, and I felt happier. The Hotel Disch is a very old-fashioned building, having been built about a hundred years back. It was for-

merly a castle, and on the walls there still remain some excellent oil paintings of that period. In my bedroom I observed the wedge-shaped and very large pillow which appears to be the universal German pattern and which I thought useful in design, but tather too large for the very hot weather. I therefore relegated it to the floor. The position of the looking-glass, with regard to light, was very bad, but not worse than one generally meets in other Continental, as well as English, hotels.

The matches were again red, the towels of the flimsiest nature and about the size of large serviettes. The bread was, I thought, far superior to what one got in Brussels, and the Niersteiner at one mark a bottle was excellent. The *menus* were written in French and German, but never in English, and there was an air of homeliness about the hotel which one missed at Brussels.

The German waiter appears to be more intelligent and cleaner than the English. He goes to England and France (and occasionally to America) to learn the languages which, moreover, he succeeds in doing, and I have often wondered if an English waiter ever thinks it necessary to leave his country for a

similar purpose. Nearly all the waiters and other hotel officials I came across had served in England (the greater number at the Savoy Hotel) and, what is more, expressed a desire to return there. I must say, however, that there appears to be no fun or humour in a German waiter. He is civil, although occasionally a little abrupt in manner, and sometimes is too *blasé* or too busy to answer your questions, except very briefly. Of the hotel officials I met, the so-called *portier* is, perhaps, the most important, and I am told that he receives no wages, but relies on a sufficiency of "tips" to enable him in a few years to retire and set up an establishment on his own account. Some *portiers* I found civil, while others were to me unbearable. With regard to "tips" I may say that they are almost compulsory to the *portier*, head waiter and "boots," to whom you give a mark each. Your table attendant (the head waiter does nothing in that line) chambermaid, and lift boy also look for them. I observed that dinner, as a rule, is served in the middle of the day at most of the German hotels, that the tea has a strong China flavour instead of the mild Indian kind one is so accustomed to at

home, and that there were no finger glasses. The use of these, I am led to conclude, is one of those institutions like the morning "tub" and the game of polo which the British officer brought from the East.

Cologne is essentially a Roman Catholic town, and if it is worth while going to India to see the Tāj at Agra, as some writers have observed, it is equally so to go to Cologne to see the cathedral, for where else can one find so imposing or so elegant a church? It is, indeed, hardly possible to look at its grand proportions without emotion, and a feeling of reverence. It is a Gothic structure, and was begun in A.D. 1248, and strange to say, great additions were made to it as late as 1842, while its magnificent towers were not completed till 1880. The towers are some sixty metres high and one appeared, to me, to be higher than the other, but I could not find an inhabitant who was able to inform me with certainty as to this. I may add that one is not so much impressed with the interior of the building, which is somewhat plain and undecorated, and whose height is scarcely realised for want of outside objects to afford comparison. After the

cathedral, perhaps the most interesting church is St. Gereon, which has a thirteenth century decagonal dome and is built on Roman foundations, the choir and crypt being of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The church of St. Ursula is described as Roman basilica work and has a superb Gothic choir.

In taking a stroll round the town, which I found very clean, I observed that there were plenty of excellent shops, those for the sale of sweets and cakes being especially noticeable, and that a good many houses and streets were under repair, as in London. This state of affairs does not strike one in Brussels, where perhaps they are always satisfied with things as they are. I also found the well-known establishments of Johann Maria Farina of eau-de-Cologne fame, and of Stollwerck, the chocolate manufacturers. The horses one sees, with the exception of those in cabs, are very fine, and I took note that all vehicles as well as tramcars, like the trains, keep to the right. The tram conductors appeared to always have a clean white collar on. In fact, the artisan and working classes in Germany always look very clean, while the former almost

invariably wear white collars. The streets of Cologne are all asphalted and the suburbs struck me as being exceptionally fine. Among the buildings of note may be mentioned the post-office, while the Kaiser Wilhelm statue and monument are impressive works. And last, but not least, the policemen here, as elsewhere in Germany, are like soldiers and wear swords. I always found them extremely polite and civil, but one should never forget, on going up to one, to raise one's hat, when you will get in return an up-to-date military salute. Indeed, it is a sound proceeding to keep taking off your hat to people in this country, and you cannot be too polite. I noticed gentlemen, when asking questions of a policeman, stand with their hats raised the whole time, but that, although one meets with much politeness from officials, they never "sir" one.

The morning after my arrival I was induced by the hotel *portier* to take a drive round the town, etc., and was greatly struck with the beauty of the Ring Strasse which, as a street, is probably unsurpassed. Splendid shops and private houses line this almost interminable street and the truly magnificent theatre, built in 1900 at a cost of five million marks

is among the finest buildings one passes *en route*. It brings home to one very forcibly the fact that we, in England, have little sense of the decorative art, or else do not see the necessity for it. I visited the Zoological Gardens, where the 16th Infantry band was playing in the fine pavilion. The men were in plain clothes which, I was informed, was allowed on account of the heat. The bandmaster, on arrival, bowed to his bandsmen and shook hands with some. It was here that I first noticed the general plainness of the ladies who were, moreover, badly dressed and without style, but not in the least made up. I then took a short stroll in the Stadtgarten, which has an area of 400 acres, the Volksgarten, and the Flora, the latter being very beautiful.

The next day, Sunday 15th, I journeyed to Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven, by the 9.14 a.m. train which was very crowded, and it was evident that the people were out for a holiday. I was able, soon after arrival (in half an hour) to find my way to the fine Munster, where I heard some very good music during the service. There was an excellent choir in one of the galleries, and a conductor, and I noticed that a good deal of the music was "imita-

tional" in character. The interior of this church is very beautiful. Walking on, I passed Beethoven's statue, which is erected at one side of a square, and then the University, which is a plain structure facing a well-kept green sward with fine trees. Numbers of students were to be met, many of whom had scarred cheeks, the result of duels; and those who were fresh from the gory fights had their faces well plastered up, some being almost beyond recognition. I noticed that it was only the left cheek that was gashed, but I suppose that if a combatant were left-handed he would smite his adversary's right cheek. One is told that they are very proud of their appearance in this respect, but one would prefer to see an occasional soldier with a scarred face, provided he got it in honest warfare! These students wear very curious caps, which are of many colours, and the thought struck me that rather a good "get-up" for a fancy dress ball would be to go as a German student with one's face plastered and scarred. In the little town of Bonn I saw plenty of pictures, in the shop windows, of the Kaiser, but rarely one of the great master of music, and although this was the birthplace of the mighty

Beethoven no one could direct me to the house he was born in. I wandered about hopelessly in search of it, but failed to discover its whereabouts, and it was on this occasion, especially, that I found how very inconvenient and trying it was not to know the language of the country. A waiter I accosted who was standing at the door of a hotel and who spoke a little English told me that Beethoven's house was only a small cottage and not worth seeing! There are plenty of quaint old buildings and narrow streets in Bonn and there appears to be history everyhwere as well as plenty of food for the painter.

Having spent a couple of hours in this very interesting old place I took the train at 12.35 for Godesburg, a pretty spot and health resort on the Rhine. I may mention that before leaving my hotel I had made a better acquaintance with one of the sub-managers, to whom I confided my intention of visiting Godesburg. This extremely polite young man thereupon telephoned to the manager of the Rhine Hotel there, acquainting him of the fact, and asking him to have a carriage to meet me at the station, and, strange though it may seem, he also requested that on this occasion the military band which was

to perform in the hotel gardens should appear in uniform for my edification, as I had expressed a wish to that effect, and not in plain clothes, as was customary at this time of year. I have often wondered since whether such a request would have been acceded to in any other country.

On my arrival at the station I was greeted by a very smart coachman, who directed me to a victoria drawn by a pair of fine horses. The drive was lovely, and I found the little town of Godesburg to be replete with well-built private houses and pensions. The Rhine Hotel overhangs the river, and the town, which has 16,000 inhabitants, is opposite the Seven Mountains. The scenery from the hotel garden is particularly charming, although the world-famed Rhine is quite brown in colour and not of the hue so frequently painted. My reception on arrival at the hotel, thanks to my friend at the Hotel Disch, was all that could be desired, the manager and his assistant, who spoke excellent English and was attired in a faultless frock coat, coming forward to greet me and bid me welcome. I found a very large dining-room, in which I was informed 500 people could be accommodated. Dinner

was served at 1 p.m. and on taking my seat at a small table already prepared for me, I noticed that the one in front was elaborately decorated with the choicest of flowers, and that before one seat at the table was placed a large collection of toys. The chair, too, was decorated with strings of roses. Presently a tiny French maiden of some five summers trotted in, escorted by Papa, Mamma, and Grandmamma. It was the little one's birthday, and the treat in store for her was evidently unexpected. Her face, as she sat down, was a study, and one of intense surprise and rapture when she discovered that all the good things were for her, and her alone. During the feast, which included every kind of dainty and confection, Papa stood up and drank wine, which Mamma accompanied with a short speech. Then the birthday cake was brought in by a waiter, and this was decorated with lighted and coloured candles. Finally the ceremony concluded, the little girl marched off triumphantly with her presents, and I went on with my dinner.

It was very enjoyable sitting afterwards at a small table outside overlooking the Rhine, sipping one's coffee beneath the shade of a lovely tree

and listening to the strains of music. The band, which was that of a pioneer regiment from Coblentz (and in uniform !), arrived at four o'clock and I found that admission to the gardens was allowed to non-residents of the hotel on payment of a small sum. The bandmaster, it appears, received 20 marks on each occasion the band played at this hotel. During the afternoon numbers of motor-boats passed up and down the river, full of passengers, many of them being students, who appeared extremely happy as they lolled about and sang their German songs in harmony.

I returned to Bonn by tramway, and thence by rail to Cologne. While at Cologne I should have liked to have seen the regiments, of which there were five, drilling, but as at this time of year they parade for the purpose at about 4 a.m. I was obliged to forego that pleasure.

On Monday, 16th July, I left for Berlin, and on this occasion had to pay a registration fee for my seat in the train as well as for my luggage. My carriage companions on the journey were all Germans, so I had a good opportunity of making observations. Two gentlemen sitting opposite to me

were, I think, fairly typical of their country, and I may mention that on entering and leaving the train they raised their hats and said "Good-day" to the other occupants of the carriage. They sat with their legs apart the whole time, and I imagine that, by reason of the rotundity of their figures, they found it both difficult and uncomfortable to cross them. I often felt inclined to protest at the way they would stand up at the corridor windows for half an hour at a time, thereby obscuring the view of the country. This procedure, however, appears to be customary, and one can do the same as opportunity occurs without fear of remonstrance. Taking my two carriage companions from below up, I noticed that their feet were large, broad, and flat, the natural arch being almost obliterated, and that they wore very low heels, probably about half-an-inch high. The heel in walking is put down in a very decided manner and the German walks rather on the outside of the foot. Moreover, the foot is placed on the ground, from heel to toe, much more markedly than I have observed in other races. The boots are made of very thin leather and there is apparently little or no attempt at

shape. Indeed, I found that my English boots were constantly the objects of curiosity and, perhaps, derision. I noticed, as in the case of all Germans, that their trousers had been well pressed to preserve the crease (iniquitous custom!) but never, thank heaven! turned up at the bottom. Their links and watch and chain were much more flimsy-looking than ours, and I frequently observed that they carried small mirrors in their pockets as well as a tiny hair brush, which, especially when travelling, they occasionally drew out; a careful examination of their features was then made, accompanied by a stroking and brushing of the hair, and of their huge moustachios and beard. This procedure is gone through in a railway carriage without any sense of shyness. The nails are invariably clean and well kept.

The men carry purses and wear wedding rings on the right hand, if married, and even a workman or policeman displays the little golden emblem. The family life seems so much more perfect than ours, and on holiday trips one finds the whole household, including the servant, enjoying themselves. One of the most remarkable things one

notices too is the absence of division among the classes. There appears to be nothing corresponding to the so-called "lower orders" in Germany; in fact there is an air of respectability and marked cleanliness even among the poor, and therefore, class distinction is not so well defined as in England. The conduct, moreover, of the humbler classes, is quite as correct as that of the well-to-do, and they wear, apparently, as clean linen. The German appears to be serious as well as clean-minded, while his natural politeness is noticeable in all classes, and one seldom or never meets a low, brutal-looking type of man. But, although the German is easily first in real politeness, I consider the English gentleman is equally so in his habits and appearance. There is no doubt that the German considers himself superior to other races, and his knowledge of languages, his art, his education, his thoroughness, scientific mind, and sound business habits, all tend to uphold his opinion in this respect. He is jealous of the position of England as a world power, and I have even noticed a terrible look of scorn on the countenance of a hotel manager when you ask him what is the rate of

exchange for an English sovereign. He will often reply "20 marks." In fact, he hates to think that any money in the world is worth more than his own, and perhaps it would be undignified, at any rate, for him to acknowledge it. One hotel manager I came across exclaimed, "What do you mean?" when I suggested exchange, and then promptly walked away as if insulted. At the same time, even in Austria and Hungary they will not give one as much for a 10-mark piece as for half a sovereign. The Germans speak of all British campaigns as our "little wars" and I often thought what a deal of good such trifling affairs as the Indian Mutiny, the Boer War, the Tirah Expedition, the war in Afghanistan, and the different Soudan battles would have done the German soldiers. They would certainly suffer less from "swollen head!"

Now, as the Germans are a very "bowing" race, it is well, as before stated, for the visitor to follow their example and be continually raising his hat as occasion requires. The German, moreover, performs the act with great facility, not merely taking off his hat as we do, but bowing his head at the same time. A gentleman sitting at a restaurant

table where there are others, will, on taking his seat and on leaving, raise his hat, although the others are strangers to him, and it does one good to observe the courtesy and grace with which a couple of officers bow to and salute one another on meeting. With regard to the musical instincts of the people, of which more anon, I may mention that I never heard a German whistle or hum a tune.

Let us now continue the journey to Berlin. We passed a good many large manufacturing towns *en route*, and I noticed plenty of display of Imperial eagles and German flags about. Hanover was reached at 3.15 p.m., and as we neared Berlin, where we arrived at 7 p.m., the country was beautifully wooded. I put up at the Hotel Bellevue, to which I drove by taximeter cab, the usual hotel bus not being, in this instance, available. The hotel was very full, considering the time of year, and there was only one small bedroom to be had and that a converted bathroom! I, however, did not object to it and as the temperature of the atmosphere was rather high it was perhaps an advantage to have a bath so near at hand. There is a restaurant

attached to this hotel, situated in a verandah, and as this was the coolest spot I had my meals there. Dinner was, as usual, served soon after midday. I noticed the following morning that there was a decided improvement in hotel boot-cleaning and also that the shaving water was hotter than usual.

After breakfast I strolled out, and occasionally came across rather dainty little *frauleins* wearing extremely saucy Panama hats. The horses one met were very fine animals, and as to fruit, especially cherries, which were being hawked about, it made one's mouth water. I have never before seen such lovely cherries. Flowers also seemed to be very plentiful, and luxuriant. I made straight for the Unter den Linden, which is not very far from the hotel, and is probably the finest street in the world, although one can hardly call it by that name. It is, in fact, a wide avenue with two rows of trees down the centre, having a promenade between, and a riding track extending along one side. Rows of trees also line the wide and well-kept pavements on either side, and fine shops complete the picture. Like all the streets in Berlin the Unter den Linden is beautifully paved and asphalted. At one end

stands the great Brandenburg gate, which is a massive erection formed of imposing, though not very beautiful, columns, and surmounted by a bronze design of chariot and horses. At the entrance of the gate I saw, for the first time since leaving England, a soldier on duty! He was a sentry furnished from the Guard occupying the guard room which is built in the gate. At the other end of the Unter den Linden stands the new cathedral (Protestant) and looking from the cathedral, with the Kaiser's palace on the left, one gets a very fine idea of space.

The cathedral is modern but magnificent and is surmounted by a dome. The interior is gorgeously decorated, the stained glass windows over the altar being lovely in the extreme, and depicting scenes in the life of Christ which are very well viewed on account of the wonderful light behind. The seats are very plain, being of varnished oak and are all uncushioned. The Kaiser has two seats, numbered five and six, which are situated in a row with others. Attached to the cathedral is a beautiful marble mausoleum. Near the Kaiser's palace stands the memorial statue of William the Great, which is certainly the finest thing of the kind I have ever

seen. It is, however, in a bad situation and might have been placed in a more prominent and advantageous position.

I noticed that the German statuary, generally, is particularly fine, there being always a life-like resemblance to the original subjects both in detail and expression. The lions at the base of this monument ought to be studied by many of the artists who have designed such animals in some other countries, for example at a certain town hall in the South of England. I visited the Reichstag and Bismark's monument, and also that commemorating Victory. The latter is very imposing and I found two old soldiers in attendance at the base of it, where one pays a small fee for ascending. Both these veterans wore the 1870 War Medal and on one I observed the bar for Spicheren, while the other possessed that for Metz, and the old soldiers were quite proud if a visitor should draw attention to them. I ascended the monument, from the summit of which a very good view of Berlin is obtained. Leading from the monument is the Sieges Allee or Avenue of Victory, and I may mention that all this part of

Berlin is situated in the Thiergarten, so named because some years back there was a large forest containing deer there. In one part of this garden I noticed a dug-out circle of earth in which children were amusing themselves in erecting forts, etc., with spades, and this space is evidently set aside for the purpose. The Sieges Allee is a very beautiful avenue with tracks for riding. Along both sides of the avenue white marble statues have been erected, on pedestals, of all the German rulers from Albrecht der Baer A.D. 1100, to Wilhelm der Grosse, the present Emperor's grandfather. Round each statue is built a marble alcove where one can sit. I continued my walk through the Thiergarten and then returned to the hotel.

The next day I strolled about the city. Very few dogs were to be seen, but one occasionally met a little dachshund, muzzled and led. I saw no beggars, no tall hats, and not a single instance of drunkenness. The best shops, to my mind, are in the Liepziger Strasse and the great number of them is almost bewildering. Friedrick Strasse is also a fine street, somewhat savouring of Oxford

Street, only, I thought, superior to it in many ways. The tramway system in Berlin appears to have been brought to great perfection, the drivers being certainly good, and I noticed many of them wearing goggles. The cars travel at a good pace, and one can go for a very long way for a penny. There is, however, a want of traffic management, generally, and I found it more difficult to cross a street in a crowded part of Berlin than anywhere in London, one's difficulty being increased on account of vehicles keeping to the right. I visited the Zoo, and may remark that this was the only place where I saw any decent-looking dogs. Indeed, it seemed to me cruel to see beautiful Newfoundlands in cages, as specimens, instead of enjoying freedom and friendship.

Reverting to the shops in the principal streets, I noticed very few for the sale of boots and shoes, and was surprised to find that American boots were to be obtained readily, as they are all over Germany, but I never saw any English ones. One cigarette shop I passed had a notice in the window to the effect that the proprietor spoke ten languages! One obtained a very nice, mild cigar

for about a penny; indeed, if one gives more the article appears to be of the same quality. I laid in a stock of these cigars, and was always amused when the shop attendants invariably addressed me in French on discovering I was not a German.

While in Berlin I heard three military bands which, to my mind, were not superior to our Guard's or Royal Marine Light Infantry's. Their programmes, however, were infinitely superior to what one is ordinarily accustomed to in England. The cornet players appeared to produce quite a different tone from ours and played with more expression, performing their "turns" carefully and gracefully, as a good vocal artist does. The bass instruments seemed to have more of the 16-ft. organ tone than ours, which added very considerably to the general sonority. The bandmasters, who, by the way, wear swords, appear to have real musical instinct, if one can judge by their conducting, although one old gentleman whom I saw wielding the baton and who was, perhaps, a little past his time, was more or less conducted by the bandsmen, (who I may mention sometimes took off their belts before playing); in fact, his

beat sometimes came after the band had played the chord! Now, I think that the fact of Germany having produced the greatest musicians accounts also for their exceptional intellectual capabilities in other directions, and you will find that the scale of musical instinct gradually goes down until the savage races are reached, where there is none.

Such men as Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner no doubt had large intellects, and had they not devoted all their time to music, could have done other great things, Indeed, the musical capacity of a nation perhaps influences its capacity for other things, in which sense I should say England is really more musical than she is given credit for. I have often thought, however, with regard to music, that it is a pity Germany has not produced, occasionally, such a man as Gounod or Sullivan, for it might have given their people a more humorous tendency, a lighter side to their rather ponderous nature, and a more melodious voice. Before leaving this subject I may mention that I came across very few music shops in Berlin which statement, I may say, includes all the towns I visited in Germany and Austria, and when

I did happen to see one, it appeared to be for the sale of music only, for I never discovered a piano in such establishments; so different from England.

The next place I visited was Charlottenburg, which is reached in about half an hour by tramway from the Bradenburger Tor. The great mausoleum is here, which is a very striking, chaste, and beautiful construction, although the grounds outside the building are extremely plain and badly-kept, so unlike, in this respect, any other garden I saw in Germany. Speaking generally of Berlin, it struck me that its beauty would be much enchanced if it possessed a fine river in its midst; but one cannot have everything. Among the statues may be mentioned that of Frederick the Great, which is extremely fine. I was not at all impressed by the University, which as a building is anything but imposing. In the *cafés* one gets delicious coffee, and the beer gardens, in most of which a military band performs for the greater part of the day, are a great institution, although it is a pity that the chairs with which they are furnished are so uncomfortable. And, by the way, what a very thirsty race Germans appear to be, both male and female; and

it is therefore an admirable thing that they have such a delightfully harmless and thirst-quenching beverage as iced Laager beer to indulge in. And what a delicious beverage is this Pilsen or Munich beer, especially the former; and, moreover, there is not a headache in a gallon of it! One may well be struck by the amount of money in "tips" which the head waiter in beer gardens and *cafés* pockets; he apparently makes a tolerably good income thereby, at any rate in July and August. He appears to do little or no work, but walks about collecting the aforesaid "tips" for drinks which the other waiters, or lesser lights, have supplied. I found that the cab drivers were certainly good, and quite superior to those in France and Belgium.

Now, one great advantage with regard to general appearance that Berlin, in common with most of the other continental capitals, appears to have over London, is that it is more completely finished, and not so terribly disfigured by the upheaval of streets and the constant knocking down and erection of buildings, accompanied, necessarily I presume, by unsightly and obstructive scaffolding and hoarding. London, in fact, appears to be continually in the

throes of being mended.

Rather late in the afternoon I was induced by the hotel *portier* to take a carriage drive to a celebrated brewery on the outskirts of Berlin, apparently some four miles off. It is called the Schultheiss and is celebrated for its beer. There is, as usual, a garden attached to the brewery, in which a military band plays afternoon and evening. On this particular occasion it was the band of the Garde Fusilier Regiments. The programme of music was decidedly indifferent, worse luck, and marches which were of the weakest description and not one whit superior to those ordinarily performed by English bands, and which, I believe, were composed by the bandmaster, were given as extras and responses to encores. My musical barometer fell on this occasion, and my opinion, for the time, with regard to German superiority in this respect, was considerably damped. I noticed, too, that during the performance of the music the people talked a good deal, as they do at home, and I was consequently led to believe that Germans, as a rule, are not more instinctively fond of music than the English. I waited in the brewery gardens to hear the

evening programme, and by the time it was concluded it was past ten o'clock and quite dark. I stepped outside, and watched the crowd of people dispersing; all, seemingly, in high spirits. The locality, to me, seemed quite country like, and there was not a vehicle to be seen! I stood there for a moment, when it suddenly dawned upon me that I was in rather a fix, for I neither knew exactly where I was with regard to Berlin, nor a word of the language. In front was a steep descent, and about half a mile off I could see the lights of passing trams going in all directions. I went up to a young gentleman, raised my hat, and said "Berlin," the only word I was acquainted with in German, with a long accent on the "lin," at the same time waving my hand in the direction of the tramcars. The young man was rather taken back by my gesticulations and evident impetuosity. He, however, understood me and pointed down the hill, repeating at the same time the mysterious words "Strasse links."

Ah, at last I knew the name of a street, I thought, which must be in the right direction and I could of course inquire further on. "Strasse links," I re-

peated, and ran quickly down the hill. At the bottom I shouted the two magic words into the right ear of an old gentleman whom I nearly knocked down in my excitement; my raised hat, at the same time, flying in the air. "Yah, yah!" my friend gasped and pointed to a street beyond. I hurried on, but on arrival at this particular street the thought suddenly struck me that "links" might not be the name of a street after all, but might have a more subtle meaning. A postman was hurrying towards me (I had already become acquainted with the garb of these officials who, by the way, do not always wear swords) going home, no doubt, after a hard day's work. Ah, here is just the man for me, I thought, so I again ejaculated the word "Berlin" with all my persuasive eloquence, to be followed, if necessary, by "Strasse links." The postman, like the old gentleman, also replied "Yah, yah," but seeing an expression of trouble in my countenance, the good fellow turned round and beckoned me to accompany him. We walked a mile or more in absolute silence. Dozens of tram-cars passed in all directions, and eventually we halted at a certain street on the left hand side. I

again ventured "Strasse links" as a query. He again replied "Yah, yah," and held up his left hand, at the same time smiting it with his right. I heaved a deep sigh of gratitude, as it dawned upon me, at last, that "links" meant "left." But as we had passed several streets on that side I should have had the greatest difficulty in finding the one leading to Berlin, had it not been for the obliging and kind postman. A car came up in a few minutes, and the postman bade me enter and, at the same time, I saw the words "Branden burger Tor" written upon it, so I knew I was all right. I offered my deliverer sixpence for his trouble, which he politely refused, at the same time raising his hat and hurrying off. Good fellow, and one worthy of his country.

Before leaving Berlin I came across the typical and ubiquitous Scotchman in the smoking-room of the hotel. He dilated upon the awful system of "tipping" to which one was subjected, and informed me that at Cologne he was very slyly evading the chambermaid on the morning of his departure, when he came across her face to face in the hall! "But I met her like a maan," he exclaimed, "and held up my head and walked past

her!" Brave fellow, I say.

On the 19th I left Berlin for Dresden at 9 a.m., arriving at the latter place the same day at noon. This was a nice short journey. I found during my travels how convenient the little 10-ppfenig nickel pieces were, much more so than cumbersome coppers. My hotel, the Grand Union, was quite near the station. I was given a charming bedroom this time and found all the hotel officials very civil. It was decidedly warmer than at Berlin, and soon after my arrival a fearful storm came on, accompanied by such terrible thunder and lightning that it reminded one forcibly of India. Dinner was served early, as usual, and one peculiarity I noticed at the meal was that they gave one stewed pears (sweet) with ordinary salad.

An art exhibition was going on, which I visited, and I was highly amused when the hall *portier* jocularly informed me that it was called the marriage market because there was such a deal of flirting going on there! This exhibition was known as Austellung, and I was greatly interested in the exhibits, which consisted chiefly of the furniture of different historical periods.

In the building was a very fine hall and refreshment room and while drinking my Laager there I listened to the trumpet band of the Corps of Cuirassier Regiments. It was all brass, accompanied by both kettle and military drums and there were about twenty-five men, who wore white tunics. I noticed in this band, as indeed was the case in others I heard in Germany, that they played the first movement of a waltz at about half the usual English "tempo," and with much more expression, followed by a very quick second part, and so on. In fact, they seemed to do more with the whole composition than one is accustomed to, thereby raising it considerably above a dance measure. This particular band played a waltz called "Goldregen" by Waldteufel, which is a very fair specimen of that composer's work, who, I think, attains in this direction a higher standard than most of the other waltz writers.

A great deal of the scenery about Dresden is very beautiful, especially the view from one of the many bridges which cross the Elbe. In fact, it rather reminded one of Zurich. If you cross the bridge, which I did by tramcar, you come to what might

be called a suburb, Lochwitz. On arrival there I went up a mountain railway, at the summit of which an excellent view of Dresden and the surrounding country is obtained; a view, moreover, which it would be hard to equal. I went into a beer garden, which is beautifully situated and overhangs the well-wooded mountain upon which it stands. The usual uncomfortable chairs marred this garden. A thunderstorm, with heavy rain, came on soon after my arrival, the sun, strange to say, shining intensely almost the whole time and the birds singing. Posted up was a notice of a "Grosse" military concert which was to take place in the afternoon and evening. I waited for the afternoon performance, and at the appointed hour about fourteen bandsmen, in uniform, with the bandmaster arrived. The selection of music was again very indifferent; in fact, I do not see how it could possibly be otherwise with so few instruments. One dislikes very much these "bits" of bands. Their horns appeared to me to be larger than ours. I noticed all over Germany that military bandmasters hold the baton more tightly than one is accustomed to see in England and that there

is very little wrist movement. I also noticed that a selection from Sullivan's "Mikado" frequently appeared on programmes, and often thought how superior Sullivan was to such composers as Donizetti, Bellini, Flotow, and all of that ilk; and yet what a back place he has to take with regard to them. The bandmasters in Germany appeared to me to conduct Wagner's music better than any other.

There is a rather quaint old market square in Dresden which reminds one somewhat of the one at Basle, and a monument commemorative of the battle of Beaumont (Franco-German War) is erected here. I may mention that one of the railway stations in Dresden is truly magnificent, and must have cost a very large sum, while amongst the most imposing buildings may be included the cathedral or Dom and the theatre. Of course, I visited the world-famed picture gallery, and found that Reubens was well represented, but that I preferred the art of Adrian Van der Werff. The pictures of Christ by Guido Remi and Corregio are very striking, and I came to the conclusion that the Italian School was not to be despised. The Sistine Madonna of

Raphael is considered the greatest work of all, I believe, and it is a wise thing to know this when asked. In fact, I wonder America hasn't long since acquired it. To me, the greatest thing about this picture is the womanliness of the Madonna.

I next went into the Schloss and considered I had wasted a mark by so doing. As was the case in Berlin, music shops were conspicuous by their absence, or by their difficulty to find. I did discover one, however, and this was in a rather out-of-the-way street; but should you want to purchase a piano you would require to know your Dresden extremely well. I was told that Dresden china was not made here, which was rather a blow. Let me relate that I never heard a boy whistle or shout in the streets, and wondered what the children were made of. One missed, too, the evening newspaper boy of England, and I presume these things are not allowed in Dresden.

I left Dresden by the 11.30 a.m. train on the 21st for Prague. Luggage was examined at Boden, on the Austrian frontier, and different money was again necessary. Soon after leaving Dresden we passed some very pretty mountain and river scenery, and

traversed Saxon Switzerland. The train follows the Elbe, and the scenery becomes increasingly grand; pine forests, rocky heights, and Swiss-looking *châlets* abound, while small steamers, rafts and barges continually pass up and down the river. On the frontier of Saxony and Bohemia one notices the wonderful sandstone formation of the banks of the Elbe with steep basaltic and fantastic rocks, woody gorges, and brooks, while at different points this is changed to forest-covered slopes, vineyards, and orchards. Among the romantic ruins one passes, the most imposing is perhaps the Schreckenstein Castle which stands on a very high, rugged rock overhanging the river; while Aussig, a small town having a harbour and important chemical and other industries, stands on one side. At the Austrian frontier they appeared to be a little more particular about Custom's duty, and a couple of holland bags which the officials very carefully extracted from my box, created a good deal of suspicion, but when he withdrew from them an innocent pair of boots, he smiled, and the crowd burst out laughing. When we started again it was soon easy to see we had left Germany, for at the different stations the Austrian

shako was substituted for the Prussian helmet, while side whiskers and an occasional pipe-smoker might also be observed.

In the carriage with me was a German lawyer who spoke English fluently. Our conversation turned upon a certain article which I had noticed in an English newspaper regarding a recruit in Berlin who was punished because he sneezed! At the time of reading the article I had my suspicions of its correctness, and attributed it to the usual anti-German hysterical attacks, and was, therefore, not surprised when my travelling companion explained to me that the recruit in question was a young lawyer who evidently objected strongly to being called up for military service, and who, when brought before the medical officer for inspection, began to sneeze inordinately. As this was undoubtedly done on purpose, and, in fact, was what a Britisher would call "cheek," he was ordered to leave the room and appear again the following day. This was the true story, as far as I can remember.

After passing Bodenbach, the scenery, though still beautiful, was not so wild, and I noticed that the cottages had rather curious little eye-like windows

in their roofs with overhanging folds of thatch which gave the appearance of eyelids. There were fairs to be seen in the villages, and swings and merry-go-rounds were numerous. Hop fields, with the plants (are hops plants, vegetables or fruit ?) prettily arranged in festoons, something like the ribbons of a maypole, were also plentiful. Before reaching Prague we left the Elbe and followed one of its tributaries, the Moldau, until we arrived, at 3. p.m., at the capital of Bohemia, which is situated in the very centre of Europe, having passed through a public park and over a viaduct of more than 3,600 feet in length. The kingdom of Bohemia has a population of about 6,200,000. Of this about sixty-two per cent. are Czechs, otherwise Sclaves or Bohemians; about thirty-seven per cent. are Germans; and the remainder Poles. The Germans, I believe, contribute a good deal more to the revenue than the Czechs, and one observes, very soon, that there is no love lost between the Czechs and the Germans.

One's first impression of Prague is, that it is extremely picturesque and more ancient in appearance than any place one has been accustomed to.

Indeed, every historical period seems to have left memorials of its architecture and sculpture here, and the development of the different styles can be traced for a thousand years back! Prague is situated on both banks of the river Moldau and as far back as the ninth century it was an important and fortified town. It is almost a Slav city, the population being about 500,000, of which only 35,000 are Germans.

I put up at the Hotel Cheval Noir, otherwise the Schwarzes Ross, which I found to be an old-fashioned building with courtyard, and not so clean as the German hotels. There was no lift, but I was informed that it was contemplated having one constructed in the ensuing winter. Dinner was served in the hotel garden, at small tables, and a band played during the meal. This band was composed of six misguided musicians who revelled in antics, "minor" atrocities, and alarmingly rapid flourishes, with very little real music. Just imagine too, that out of the six performers one was wasting his time hammering away at a side drum and cymbals, while another was blasting upon the aggressive cornet! The remaining four played

stringed instruments and had wonderful tone and execution.

While I sat at my dinner table a couple of old ravens stalked about in a very dignified and intelligent manner, ready to pick up food of any kind, and much amusement was often caused by throwing them a lighted cigar end, with which they dallied suspiciously. There was a very fat and perspiring head waiter in this establishment who looked absolutely worn out from the exercise afforded by gathering in the "tips." I found in walking through the streets that they were well paved, some of them being pulled up for repair, which reminded one again of England, and that none were asphalted. I strolled into a restaurant, where I obtained a more delicious cup of coffee than I could remember getting elsewhere, excellent butter, and a recent copy of "The Sketch" which rather surprised me, for I may add that this was the only copy I came across in my travels. This restaurant, moreover, had quite the greatest number of English newspapers I had seen in the previous hotels. I observed that the Austrian soldiers were neater and slighter in build than the Germans, the skirts of their tunics

being shorter. The officers, of whom I saw a great number in the streets, appeared to go in considerably for figure, their garments being almost skin tight, while they had small feet, many wearing patent leather boots. They also wore very high collars to their tunics. There being a large garrison at Prague I had plenty of opportunity of observing the soldiers, and came to the conclusion that the Germans were superior to them.

Lovely Prague! City of a hundred towers! Just stand on one of the bridges which cross the river, or ascend the Petrin tower, and the beauty of the view is transcendent. The Petrin tower is a small imitation of the Eiffel and stands on the summit of the mountain which gives it its name. You ascend the slope by a funicular railway 1,311 feet long and then by lift up to the tower, which stands some 600 feet above the river. In fine weather one gets a view comprising a circle with a radius of 100 miles! The first thing which strikes one is the magnificent castle, a huge pile, which was the seat of the Bohemian rulers as well as of the Roman emperors, and encloses several churches, the oldest being St. George, built in A.D. 1150, and the most

important the cathedral of St. Guy, which is Gothic, and reminds one a little of Cologne on a small scale. Charles IV, who was killed at the battle of Cressy, and George, who was, perhaps, the most popular king of Bohemia, are buried here. I may mention that one of the daughters of Charles IV, Ann of Bohemia, became the wife of Richard II of England, and it was she who is said to have first introduced the present mode of riding instead of astride. What is perhaps still more interesting to us is the fact that the wife of King Frederick of Bohemia was, I believe, a daughter of James I and grandmother of George I, consequently an antecedent of the reigning royal family of England.

On Sunday 22nd (I may observe that all the shops are closed on Sundays in Prague) I attended divine service at St. Guy's, where I heard some good music and was, moreover, greatly impressed, as indeed in all the Roman Catholic churches I visited, with the devotion of the people.

In one of the cathedral chapels is the Sepulchre of St. John of Nepomuk (who was drowned from the old Prague bridge) with his statue and a number of life-size (?) angels all in massive silver. St. Guy's,

like most cathedrals, is still being restored. At the side of the tower of the building is a fountain with an old statue of St. George and the Dragon, dated 1373, and I believe there is a plaster cast of it in the South Kensington Museum. The river, which is broad, is spanned by several fine bridges, and dotted about it are islands, one of them being fairly large and containing a restaurant and gardens where military bands play. In the principal streets the shops are good and, strange to say, there are plenty of music establishments, although small, having great displays of violins in the windows, as also photos of musicians, including Popper, the renowned 'cello player, and Kuberlik, a pupil of the Conservatoire.

Among the buildings noticeable are the National Museum, which is imposing, and is situated on, probably, one of the finest sites in Europe; the Rudolphinum, another magnificent edifice containing paintings of the Italian, Dutch, German, and Bohemian masters, as well as those of modern artists, and the Conservatoire of Music, of which Dvorak was once director, and Popper, I believe, professor of the 'cello. Smetana was also a native

of Prague. The old University, the National Theatre, and the town museum are also worthy of note, the latter situated at the top of a very fine street which is lined with trees. In the old city is to be seen the old town hall and the wonderful and ancient astronomic clock. This has two dials, one being divided into twenty-four hours, and in appearance is something like that in Berne but, I think, superior to it, for here a skeleton pulls a bell and the twelve Apostles then pass by, followed by the crowing of a cock at certain hours. Behind the town hall stands the Russian church of St. Nicholas, but I was informed that there were no services held there during the summer. It was very plainly decorated inside and there were no images. One of the oldest buildings in "old" Prague is the Jewish Synagogue, which dates from the thirteenth century, and close by is the Jewish cemetery containing innumerable tombstones and a perfect maze of elder trees.

I noticed here that on many of the ledges of the tombstones were placed small stones, which I was informed was a custom equivalent to the placing of flowers and wreaths in Christian countries. This

custom brought back to me reminiscences of the East, for I seem to remember the same thing being done by the natives of India. Prague is day by day being modernised, parks and squares are being made and even the old Jewish Ghetto is being annihilated to make room for streets. I noticed an air of rusticity or Bohemianism about the people one met in the streets, and also that they did not stare at one. They struck me as being plain in feature and badly dressed, but a rather jolly lot, and the servants hummed tunes over their work. Prague is the first place, too, in which I missed the American, the reason being, perhaps, the difficulty of the language which, moreover, renders a guide absolutely necessary if one wishes to do sight-seeing thoroughly. In the hotel, instructions were posted up in several languages, and I thus learned that "sklepnik," is Bohemian for waiter. There is a good tram service which here, as well as in Austria, travels to the left as in England, and I further observed that open carriages followed the closed ones, so that one could enjoy the cool air if so disposed. I found the water very "hard."

To enable me to be better acquainted with many

facts connected with Prague I engaged a guide, who knocked at my bedroom door very early the following morning. He was an old Jew who spoke seven languages, (not including American), which, he informed me, he had acquired chiefly from books alone. He had, moreover, spent some years in England.

Having struck a bargain, we started. It was intensely hot and I had some heavy walking to do. Before we had proceeded a couple of hundred yards he said "Excuse me a minute," and was out of sight before I could turn round. Now, this occurred over and over again with great regularity as regards time and distance, so at last I was enabled by chance to watch my friend, and found that he had dived into a liquor establishment. I concluded therefore, that he had been performing this indiscretion all along, and as his breath began to smell perceptibly of spirit and his speech had become a little thick he was not, as a guide at any rate, of much service to me long ere we reached home, which I am glad to say we safely accomplished, having been out for about three hours. The 5-kronen piece I gave him must have been con-

siderably encroached upon in anticipation. I may mention that on our way home a rather smart-looking man in uniform and sword, with a lady on his arm, passed us. The old guide, who had not imbibed so much alcohol that he did not know what he was talking about, informed me that he was a postman, and that, although he was not obliged (perhaps he meant entitled, but this is doubtful) to wear a sword, he liked doing so for swagger! I then wondered whether the postman possessed the weapon or had borrowed it for the occasion, but allowed this important matter to drop.

I noticed that all the police wore green cocks' feathers in their caps; that cigarettes were a great deal more smoked than in Germany; that many ladies patronised the new corset skirt, and that, sad to relate, beauty, especially with regard to complexion, was remarkable by its absence. The military bands I heard were not so good as the German ones, the bass instruments being, to my mind, too powerful and the clash of the cymbals somewhat terrifying. At their performances in the beer gardens I observed that the slightest clap of approval received an encore which was sometimes

doubled. One great drawback I consider, with regard to all beer gardens, is that one cannot go to them for music alone, or rather one is unable to take a seat without ordering something to eat or drink, although you may have already paid your sixpence (or its equivalent) for entry.

I left for Vienna by the 7.25 a.m. train on 23rd July, which was due to arrive at 2.40 p.m. By the route I took one passed Kolin on the Elbe at 8.30 a.m. and Chotzen at 9.45, and there is a beautifully-wooded country with miles of forests as you journey towards Usti. We reached Brunn at midday and then passed the fertile plain of the so-called Moravian Field, running straight for the Danube. I did not see the far-famed town of Pilsen, which is a little out of the track but is well worth a visit.

Pilsen has now a population of over 50,000, nearly all being Czechs, and is, of course, the seat of the great breweries which yield annually some 430,000 barrels of the well-known delicious beer. The vaults are hewn in the solid rock and extend about five miles, while over 1,000 workmen are engaged in the production.

In the train I had an Austrian colonel for companion, and during the journey he opened a small bag he was carrying, in which I caught sight of hair and clothes brushes and a pair of linen cuffs ready to put on when required. What an admirable plan this wristband and cuff arrangement, which one notices all over Germany and Austria, is. I am aware that in England there is a great tendency to decry the thing as not being correct, and that whenever one's cuffs are soiled, one's shirt should be changed. There is about as much sense or logic in such a conclusion as if we were to adopt a similar plan in the case of collars. It is, indeed, better to see a clean pair of cuffs, even though they be attached to wristbands, or a clean collar attached to a collar band, than dirty ones. It must be stated, however, that in Germany the cuffs are fastened to wristbands, and not placed over already soiled cuffs which are attached to the shirt. The custom is quite worthy of adoption even in the most conservative of countries.

In Vienna I put up at the Hotel Metropole, which is perhaps one of the finest hotels in the city, and overlooks the Danube which at this point does not

appear to be nearly so wide as the Thames at the Embankment.

The railway station was anything but clean. I was hurried by the obliging porter with my luggage into a two-horsed vehicle which simply flew through the streets. The hotel is not far from the station, but I was charged 4 krones for the drive. In future, however, such conveyances must be carefully avoided, as the fare is double that of a single horse carriage which, no doubt, would have carried me just as safely, if not so quickly. The weather was perceptibly warmer. In my bedroom I read among the rules which were posted up, the following: "Tea urn, tea, and cream, 1 krone 40 hellers. Tea urn, without anything, 1 krone," which set me wondering whether any traveller ever ordered the latter and, if so, what the effect was! There were double doors to my room and, for a wonder, no eider-down quilt on the bed, which was always present in the German hotels, irrespective of the time of year. I was not very much impressed with the waiting or attendance at this hotel, although the head waiter, I must say, was exceptionally civil. At dinner we had green figs, which were a treat,

and were given stewed red currants (sweet) with roast fowl! Excellent mushroom soup was also provided. The cigars in Austria appeared to be very strong and were decidedly inferior.

Now, one might think that in a hotel of this size and pretension and in the heart of Vienna, one would find in the drawing-room a magnificent piano for the edification, at any rate, of the supposed most musical people in the world; and furthermore, that one would be listening any evening to the discoursing, by the fair sex, of Beethoven and Mozart, *ad libitum*. But no; in none of the hotels at which I stayed in Germany and Austria did I either see a magnificent piano or meet anyone who appeared to miss it. Indeed, the only music I heard was a music lesson given to a tiny German child upon an execrable "upright," in Dresden. I have come to the conclusion that the ordinary German is not so fond of music as the ordinary Englishman, but that the really musical ones rise to a higher average.

My first look at Vienna did not impress me, and further, the city did not appear to have any particular characteristics of its own. Indeed, Vienna

might, in my opinion, belong to almost any country, and is certainly not marked with the air of progressiveness which obtains in Berlin. It did not, moreover, strike me as being a particularly gay place; indeed there is rather a languid air about it. The shops, as a rule, are not very imposing, many being given over to the postcard craze, and the sale of fancy articles of a rather shoddy nature, while pictures of the fascinating "Peggy" of Boileau were to be seen everywhere, as in England. The public buildings, generally, suggest rather an Italian look, and the reputed great beauty of the women I failed to discover, although they certainly had fresher complexions and finer figures than those one met in Germany. Some of the ladies wore mantillas, which gave them quite a Spanish look, and nearly all had earrings, their ears being pierced for the purpose. After I had discovered that the traffic, which is not very extensive, proceeded on the left as in England, I set out sightseeing. The cathedral of St. Stephen is a fine edifice with a magnificent spire, in the Cologne style, 138 metres high. The interior is very beautiful, principally on account of the gorgeous

stained windows, while a mysterious dimness pervades the whole building. The streets at once impress one with the fact that they are not so clean-looking, well-paved, or imposing as those of Berlin.

I went to the Hofburg or King's palace to see the Guard mounting ceremony, and at 1 p.m. a military band arrived, the men of which wore the Turkish fez. This was followed by the new or relieving Guard who were dressed rather like the Italian Bersaglieri and carried on their backs horse-skin covered valises. They had cocks' feathers in their caps, which were spoilt in appearance by the broad black chin strap. In marching they pointed their toes admirably, but I think the ceremonial slow marching was a modification of that indulged in by the German soldiers, and not nearly so funny! When they presented arms the beautiful Austrian hymn was played, but the people, who were standing by in great numbers, did not raise their hats. The old and the new guards then went through the different movements of the ceremony very smartly and a good deal quicker than prevails in the British army. The band

then stood round band stands which had already been placed there, and played a short selection of music lasting half an hour. There were only twenty-five bandsmen, and their performance was both excellent and impressive; in fact, to my mind quite superior to that of our ordinary Infantry bands. Here again I noticed the wonderful tone of the brass, in some instances producing quite a sad effect by its sonority. Poor Austria! You have suffered many defeats!

While the band played, the two Guards stood to attention, and finally the old Guard marched away headed by the band. Now, this band belonged to one of the regiments which are recruited, I believe, in Bosnia and Herzegovina, formerly independent provinces of Turkey, but now under Austrian administration. The men are chiefly Mahomedans. They are obliged to do three years' soldiering in Austria, and when they first came I hear gave a good deal of trouble. When the new guard had taken over its duties I noticed that the officer in command had quite a reception by his friends who were amidst the crowd assembled, and with whom he mingled for a short time, shaking hands all round.

From the Hofburg I walked till I hailed a tram-car which was journeying to what is styled the Prater, also known to some as the Vienna Hyde Park. It appeared to me to consist chiefly of a large garden containing many restaurants and beer gardens, and a main street lined with shows which reminded one of an English fair in the old days. I amused myself by visiting some of these shows, the first being a cinematograph combined with a gramophone. An opera singer appeared in a scene and sang and acted very naturally. The heat in this place was truly awful, for it was a tiny wooden shell of a building with the sun streaming down upon it. It was crammed with people, and I felt half suffocated as well as getting prickly heat! I next visited another performance of the same description, only in a much larger and nicer building, and here I saw representations of some riding feats by Austrian Cavalry which appeared to be truly marvellous. Every description of diminutive theatre lined the street, while acrobats, (who must have suffered intensely from the heat) Punch and Judy shows, shooting galleries, hippodromes, bands, and waxworks, etc., were in

great number and request. A big wheel *à la* Earl's Court also stood in the grounds.

On leaving the Prater I observed a rather fine monument erected to Tegetthof which stands at the head of a wide and business-like street. Among the smaller monuments may be mentioned those to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert. I then went to see the Votive Church, a fine Gothic edifice in the Cologne style which stands in a garden. Both this church and St. Stephen's Cathedral have Mosaic tiled roofs. The Imperial Museum of Art is a lovely building, containing numerous examples of Roman, Grecian and Egyptian work. The floors are marble, and there is a fine collection of old portraits of the celebrities of every country with the coins of the different periods. These collections appear to be unique. Among the innumerable things of interest in this museum were ancient church vestments, old clocks, and mathematical and geometrical instruments.

In some of the rooms were vast collections of glass, ornaments, *bric-à-brac*, caskets, china, ivory and bronze articles, and armour, etc., all too beautiful to describe.

It may be mentioned here that I found it an advantage, if one can possibly avoid it, not to carry a stick or umbrella when sight-seeing, for you invariably have to give it up on entering public buildings and galleries, and have occasionally to pay for its custody. In front of the museum stands the truly magnificent monument to the Empress Maria Theresa. I passed by the University, which is a much finer building than that in Berlin. In fact, all the public buildings in Vienna are unusually fine, while, both in Germany and Austria, one is greatly impressed by their general magnificence, as also by the churches, monuments and theatres.

I paid a short visit to the Church of the Capuchins where the imperial vault is built, and, finally, saw the Rathhaus or town hall, from the steps of which one obtains a fine view of the palatial-looking Hofburg Theatre. It may be added that at the entrance to the imperial palace there are two monumental fountains representing "The Power of the Sea" and of "The Land Forces" and it would be hard to imagine anything finer.

In the evening I went to the Imperial Volksgarten, which is near the imperial castle, where a

splendid military orchestra performed. The violinists were superb performers, bowing perfectly together, and, as it seemed to me, intuitively. The cornets were, as before mentioned, played with expression and, at times, almost with the emotional vibrato of the " string family."

For refreshment I here indulged in some thick chicken soup and, of course, was asked if I would like some beef to follow! Oh, England! The Pilsen beer seemed a trifle oniony, but I must say I never noticed this drawback anywhere else. The next day, the 25th, I walked about four miles, starting fairly early, and visited the poorer districts of Vienna. I found with great difficulty the huge general hospital which is situated in a rather out-of-the-way part of the city, passing the Anatomy School on the way. On returning I went again to the palace yard to witness the Guard mounting, and on this occasion an ordinary line regiment marched up. They wore the Austrian *shako*, which is very ugly and something like the English one of an early period. The band played for about half an hour as before and the bandmaster wore a cocked hat and, of course, a sword.

Strolling homewards I met a company of Guards composed of unusually fine men, and splendidly turned out. One soon discovered that the policemen in Vienna are extremely civil, that a great number of the inhabitants smoke cigarettes (unlike the Germans) and that when cigars are indulged in holders are commonly used; also, that all the big dogs have to earn their living by drawing carts, and that even a cabman, who, by the way, is nearly always smoking, takes off his cap when you engage him. One should learn to realise, moreover, that Austrians are Germans, more or less, although "leavened" by time. Vienna can boast of a rather insignificant waxworks establishment which contains a very realistic breathing figure, a large group exemplifying the scene of Christ before Pilate, and some curious anatomical subjects, only fit for the eyes of the sterner sex.

On the 26th I left at 7 a.m. by a Danube steamer for Budapest. The vessel was a very tiny one and appeared to be of about 20-ft. beam. The seats were very hard and uncomfortable and, consequently, my first thought was, how am I going to endure twelve or thirteen hours of it? Nothing

was charged for my luggage on this journey. Crowds of people flocked on board, accompanied by plenty of boxes and packages, and in case of accident, although I could discover no small boats, I can testify to there being, at any rate, one life-buoy! A couple of Irish priests from the land of Saints, Soldiers, and Scholars, God bless 'em! were among the passengers.

There was also one couple of Britishers, evidently on their honeymoon, and many foreign ladies who indulged in the most suffocating of scents. We soon got under way and passed four magnificent gas houses which were composed externally of bricks and looked like huge, circular buildings for dioramas.

The water of the mighty Danube, which was narrow at the start and is some 2,400 miles long, was of a dirty brown colour. After we had been travelling for about an hour the river suddenly widened to an enormous extent and we then halted, and the passengers were transhipped to a much larger steamer. Having moved off again, the scenery, which up to this time was decidedly ugly and low-lying, became more pleasing.

Now, as I had made up my mind to see and hear

all I could, I prepared to rough it a bit and join the poorer classes on board, who appeared to me to be quite the commonest-looking and dirtiest people I had yet come across. I found, moreover, that rest was out of the question, and the constant passing and repassing of the passengers in the very narrow passage for the purpose, prevented my being able to even cross my legs for more than a moment at a time. One old German woman sitting next to me would insist upon continually addressing me in her own language, although I frantically waved my hands and shrugged my shoulders to express my ignorance of her conversation. It seemed as if she could not realise the fact that there might be people in the world who did not know what she was talking about. I soon became aware that it would be most injudicious to move from my seat for fear of it being instantly seized, and there certainly appeared to be a great many more passengers than there was seating accommodation for.

Up to 9.15 a.m. the scenery was decidedly flat, although at times somewhat thickly wooded; then high hills came in sight, one being particularly like Ali Masjid in the far-off Khyber Pass and which

had a small town at its foot called Heinburg. This was followed by some small wooded islands dotted here and there. At 10.10 we arrived at Presburg, passing under a huge iron bridge which spans the river that is here, seemingly, about half a mile wide.

There were a couple of gun-boats lying at anchor. If one wishes, one can take the train from Presburg for Budapest. We started again in a very short time, the scenery being still too monotonous and flat to be beautiful, and one felt that a few mountains should have been thrown in. The most noticeable and peculiar thing to me, up to the present, was the large number of inlets through which the river finds its way into the low-lying woods which are almost flush with the river, while the expanses of water are so vast that it is like a series of lakes.

About midday my poor companions began to indulge in refreshment, which consisted principally of green chillies, dark brown bread, and beer. It was, indeed, a curious mixture of people. There were a few Austrian soldiers who were generally playing cards, three rather sporting-looking Frenchmen engaged in the game of dominoes, and some

peasant women who wore black mantillas which were tied like handkerchiefs round their heads, rather spoiling the effect. Then there was a Russian, perhaps a student, who was absorbed in literature, possibly of a revolutionary character, during the whole voyage; a woman or two crying, probably because they had said "good-bye" to a relation or friend; children by the dozen, all crying more or less; a couple of Austrian girls, probably dressmakers, who flirted with an unshaven but enterprising youth; a would-be dandy with small feet, jewelled fingers and a rather killing manner. Then there was a mysterious-looking French girl who looked as if she hadn't slept or done her hair for a week, and who occupied her time in unpacking and then repacking, in a wonderful way, the contents of two minute portmanteaux, which seemed to hold things too numerous to mention. Presently a woman rushed past me carrying off a huge goose, whose head only appeared from a bag of sacking. In a few moments she returned just as hurriedly, having dipped the whole thing, bag and goose, into water to refresh the bird!

We met many barges *en route* which were huge

and heavily laden, and evidently engaged in the Danube trade. They were towed by steamers or tugs, each one of the latter drawing perhaps half a dozen barges. I noticed that the decks of these floating holdalls curved upwards towards the centre and that each one flew the Austrian ensign. The habitable part of some of them had such a quantity of flowers and little trees growing in pots that they looked like pretty gardens. They all passed gaily along in a perfect line; at the same time I should not be surprised if the Danube were considered difficult to navigate. At 2.15 p.m. we passed under another enormous bridge of four spans, and were obliged to lower our funnels in doing so. The land was still flat on either side, although hills began to appear in the far distance.

Komarum was the next place of any importance we arrived at, and there appeared to be a small dock there for the river steamers. Our soldier passengers landed here, and others came aboard and lit their cigarettes at once. They were in marching order and wore duck trousers, but instead of putties or gaiters round their legs they had a white canvas band about four inches wide fastened with two

buttons, which appeared to me to be cooler and less cumbersome. They also had a raised cloth roll at the point of the right shoulder which kept the sling of their rifle in a good position. Some women came on board who wore yellow coloured handkerchiefs round their heads which gave them quite a Spanish look.

At 3.15 we reached Radvany. a small town which had the appearance of a place on the Irawaddy in Burma. A typical Hungarian now joined us, his costume consisting of greenish grey trousers with green piping on the outside seams, a green waistcoat with ball-shaped silver buttons, a coat of the same material as the trousers, also piped, and a small green slouch felt hat with a brown aigrette at the back. To complete the picture he wore a very elaborate black, red, and yellow striped silk ribbon from his watch with pendants of peculiar and original design.

Then an old gentleman arrived and seated himself opposite me. He had fastened the laces of his brown shoes round the outside of his trousers, which struck one as being odd. My previous idea of the beauty of the Danube was certainly getting

very considerably damped, for the country on both sides was, if possible, flatter than ever, and even the woods, as we journeyed on, had almost disappeared. The river, however, was maintaining its great width. At four o'clock the distant hills before mentioned were getting much nearer, and their cultivation could be distinctly seen. We went under another bridge, this time of fine spans, at 4.30, and our funnels were again lowered.

Esztergom was now reached, and I noticed a very fine domed church with Corinthian pillars there, raised on a rocky mound which appeared to have also an old fortified wall. Great excitement on board was caused here by the advent of a man with a large basket of plums for sale. He was literally bombarded by the passengers, and such a number of persons, especially Hungarians, indulged in what was evidently a very agreeable fruit, that I had to seek shelter below to avoid the flight of stones therefrom. At 5 p.m. a resemblance to a bit of Swiss scenery made its appearance, and now there were wooded hills to the front and right of us and we were winding our way between them. The general scenery was becoming more impressive, but

the water of the river was still brown.

At the different stoppages many Hungarians came on board, journeying to Budapest. They all appeared to be of a jolly, careless disposition, and I was struck by the sound of their extraordinary language which, to me, appeared to be quite unlike any other. At 5.30 p.m. the full beauty of the Danube scenery became at last manifest and one was, moreover, greatly impressed by the vast expanse of the river. There was now a perfect Zurich-like view. On the right stood a village, Vishegra, close by which is a beautiful old ruin and a few modern villas dotted about, while there is a high hill beyond, on the summit of which stand other old ruins. Nagy Maros was on our left, somewhat spoilt in appearance, however, by the railway. We now approached several beautifully-wooded islands of various sizes and then Vagz came in sight. I was simply enchanted by the view of this town with its white buildings and reflections, lit up by the glory of the setting sun. The town stood some distance off and at the top of a lane of wide water with the green hills and vegetating lowlands on either side. Indeed, this view of Vagz amply re-

paid one for the whole trip. We passed to the right of the town, and the river now looked still wider and began to gather the evening shadows. The air seemed stiller and one was impressed by the quiet grandeur of everything. I wondered as I turned round, on one occasion, what was the matter with the poor dishevelled French girl, who began to look so worried, and, I thought, had tears in her eyes. I also wondered what was her destination. What a journey this was! Here was I sitting among crowds of poor foreigners in all sorts of costumes, listening to the babble of weird tongues, watching their habits, expressions, and appearances. Sitting, too, on a very hard wooden seat since early morning, the monotony chiefly enlivened by the children and the live ducks, geese and fowl, tied together and sprawling about the deck all round one, every form of living thing screaming in the way most natural to it! The young moon is above in the exquisitely blue sky, and the sun is going down behind the purple hills, while the water fowls are screeching as we disturb them in their little island homes. At seven o'clock the sun has set, and the passengers are having their final tankards of beer

for the day or, at any rate, for the journey.

We passed beneath another iron bridge with funnels lowered as before, and then a much larger island than we have hitherto met seems to stand in our way. We steer to the left of it. Still another bridge looms in sight, which appears to have three spans converging together like the spokes of a wheel and, finally, at 7.30 p.m.—Budapest.

The river now becomes narrower, we pass under a fine suspension bridge and at 7.45 are at our landing stage. It is now almost dark. I found considerable difficulty in getting a porter to carry my box, as I presume the poorer class with which I had journeyed are independent of such a luxury. However, I found one at last, and walked to the Hotel Hungaria, which was quite near. I was quickly given a bedroom which, as in Vienna, had double doors. Now I considered the Hotel Hungaria to be in every respect the best I had as yet been in. The rooms were the best furnished, the food the most superior, the coffee the most delicious, and the waiting the most perfect. I was in time for dinner, during which meal a typical Hungarian band performed. It was composed of eight players,

and included a large zither, a 'cello, a double bass, a clarinet, and four violins. The performers were magnificent, as far as tone and expression go. They had no written music and, consequently, the greater part of their programme consisted of national compositions, at which they excel, any other music they played being scarcely worth listening to, in my opinion. Perhaps the sound of the clarinet rather spoiled the tone of the band, but as the performer thereon was chiefly occupied in collecting money during dinner, he seldom played.

With regard to their national music I may say that it consists in innumerable minor chords, greatly varied, and often embellished with "imitational" effects. The music is emotional to a degree and one can feel that the performers have first-rate "ears" and appear, intuitively, to be able to harmonise their own music as I should say Dvorak did, and it is probable that very few untaught musicians could ever attain so high a pitch of excellence in any other country.

Now, although there is a slight similarity between the Hungarian and the Spanish national music the two cannot be justly compared, for

Spaniards are not nearly so musical. When I first began to listen to the strains I thought they were improvising in a most wonderful manner. The sounds were, at times, like waves of organ tones; at others, the notes were speaking, breathing, praying! Then, suddenly, the music became like the roaring wind, ending in a tumult of chords followed by a gentle sobbing. There is no form and very little strictness of time in this strange music, only a progression of weird chromatic minor chords which it would be almost impossible to write down, while as to "Resolutions" (musical term) perish the thought! These men made none! for they are born, as nature intended, with a musical ideal which develops as they mature and listen to the music of their fathers. At the end of the great minor slow theme which invariably commences their compositions, there is a presto movement, and such a presto! as unlike the beginning as it is possible to conceive. It is in a major key, is wild and assertive, and, as it were, rushes in to dash away the previous melancholy. It inspires confidence and warms the blood until it tingles all over one's body; you want to rise from your table

and shout! On goes the presto, quicker and quicker, the leader, who is standing, plays his violin furiously, and seems to add more point, more originality, to the theme as he proceeds, and his men follow him blindly, as it were, racing after him in the torrent of notes which come rushing along in their headlong flight!

At the conclusion, the players wipe their brows (I do not remember ever having seen this done in England!) and the clarinet performer is busy collecting money. Now, will my readers believe that no one in the room appeared to listen to this music? This was the case, however, and as I mentioned before, it is only the few who are, probably, really musical. After this piece the leader played Gounod's arrangement of Bach's First Prelude, to a zither accompaniment. I must say that he played this composition, so unlike his own country's music, correctly, as did the accompanist, although they were evidently playing from ear, but, sad to record, there was a fiendish obbligato, in the form of plate clattering the whole time, while the conversation of the dining multitude was, if possible, louder than ever. Now, although the zither player

had great execution and played Bach's music faultlessly, I think the instrument has an ugly twang and is not nearly so well adapted to the composition as the piano. The performance concluded with "coon" songs very cleverly played and with a strong Hungarian flavour, the 'cello doing fine service in the way of obbligato. This item in the programme was no doubt given for the edification of the ubiquitous American.

Finally, I may remark that the leader scarcely seemed to move his bow, or, rather, his arm in bowing, and that the 'cellist did not play like a married man! By the way, the two Irish priests before mentioned were quietly seated at dinner when I went in, doing themselves proudly. Four exceedingly smart Hussar officers were seated at a table near me, and I found that they dined here every evening. Their uniforms were perfect until they put on the terrible Austrian chimneypot *shako*, which spoiled the whole effect. I noticed that during certain intervals at dinner one of the hotel managers walked round the room bowing to the occupants of each table. I also found that the Hungarian cigar is somewhat superior to the

Austrian, that all the pepper is red, though not very hot, and is obtained from a vegetable grown in the country, and that the cheese is handed round with the dessert.

On Friday 27th I had a look at Budapest; rather a tall order for, as an American observed to me, it is like an up-to-date go-ahead American city, which was the highest praise he could give it, and certainly one's first look at the place impresses one with the fact that it is very modern. It is, moreover, a marvel how, in a few years, such a fine city could have sprung into existence. Budapest is situated on both sides of the Danube, so is Vienna; but unlike it, in that the river here is 350 metres or about a quarter of a mile broad. It is spanned by half a dozen fine bridges, one being of the suspension variety and of truly magnificent proportions. This bridge is probably one of the finest in Europe, and was designed by a Mr. Clarke, an Englishman. It has very large masonry pillars, and two huge stone lions stand at the entrance. One has to pay to cross any of the bridges in Budapest, but I discovered no one who could explain the reason, and it certainly seemed odd in so

flourishing a city. I observed that the policemen wore ordinary black bowler hats with a long white plume, a broad red, white, and green band round the left arm, and of course, a sword; while private coachmen were dressed like hussars, only with ordinary bowlers and plumes for headgear. The streets are well paved and kept very clean, and the smartest shops were those of milliners and military tailors, but even these were not much in advance of the Prague establishments. I saw no good cigar shops and there appeared to be very little worth buying in the shops of curios. One must remember that the Hunyadi Janos mineral water comes from Budapest.

Among the public buildings, I was greatly impressed by the magnificent Houses of Parliament, finer to my mind than anything of the kind I had seen elsewhere, but as there appears to be a great sameness about such edifices, as well as town halls, I did not go inside. The Palace of Justice is also very fine. St. Stephen's Church is apparently modern, and the ornamentation of its interior is very beautiful. When I arrived at the church I found it was closed, so I promptly tackled an old

fellow I found sitting on the steps, to whom I exclaimed, with my very best smile, "Inglish!" pointing, at the same time, to the church door. He understood me, strange to say, and instantly toddled off and fished out a youth from some inner part of the establishment. The youth bade me follow, unlocked the main entrance door and took me round, explaining everything most minutely. I presented him with two pence (20 hellers) on departing and he was delighted!

I next discovered the fruit market, which is by the river side, and I have never seen such a quantity of apples, plums, melons and pears, etc., as there were for sale. I found, as usual, that the restaurants were better equipped with English newspapers than the hotels, and observed that Hungarians, as well as Austrians, have smaller feet than Germans, while better shaped boots and shoes were displayed in the shops than in Germany. I did not notice any monuments of much pretension.

Now, in these Roman Catholic countries one is very much impressed with the almost romantic fascination that the religion has for the poorer classes; and what a deal they attach to the

superstitious part of the Christian faith. It is, indeed, beautiful to observe their devotion and child-like faith, which were particularly brought before me when I attended Mass in one of the Budapest churches at 10 a.m. One can sit anywhere and the rich and poor seem to be, as they should be, on equal terms. The music was very fine, but the singing was all in unison.

The tramways have no overhead wires in Budapest, which certainly seemed an advantage, more especially with regard to the tendency they have to spoil the appearance of streets. The cars run on the usual rails. The heat here was more intense that I had yet experienced, and on leaving the hotel during the day I found that the thermometer in the hall registered 22° Reaumur, or about 81° Fahr. Rain, however, fell towards evening, which cooled the air a bit. When one doesn't feel inclined to indulge in a hotel *table d'hôte* lunch, and is out sight-seeing, the want of an establishment where one can buy a glass of milk is often felt, and I failed to discover such a place in my travels. An ordinary sandwich, too, is an article not to be despised at such times and one which

was conspicuous by its absence. From my previous experience when wandering about sight-seeing alone, I found it always advisable to take very careful landmarks by the way, and to have the name of one's hotel and the street or place it is in, written down for you in the current language. In a hotel like the Hungaria, a *portier* must surely be able to converse in quite half a dozen languages and has, moreover, a very busy time of it, if one can judge by the constant coming and going of visitors from almost every country. The fact remains, therefore, that the English do not require to learn foreign languages for travelling purposes, and it is, furthermore, doubtful whether any of these splendid continental hotels would have been built but for the wandering Britisher and the inquisitive American Hotel management has, indeed, become an absolute art on the Continent.

I was smoking after dinner, my first evening in Budapest, when I found seated beside me an American, one of the jovial type, and with very little of the typical accent. He was good-humoured looking, and evidently very well off. He informed me that he was the head of the parks and public

gardens in a large American city, evidently an important post, and that consequently, he was much interested in the gardens abroad; in fact, he was travelling with the express purpose of seeing them and profiting by the same, if necessary. He stated that he particularly liked the work of some of the amateur gardeners he had come across, and quoted a well-known Russian Count who, to his mind, had designed probably the most magnificent garden in existence. I immediately joined in with regard to the occasional superiority of amateurs in other directions, quoting the Abbe Lizt as a musician, who, by the way, lived for a time in Budapest, Dr. Grace as a cricketer, and others. With regard to decorative skill and art, the French, in his opinion, stood head and shoulders above everybody else—it was born in them. I remarked that perhaps they made their towns so beautiful that it accounted for their not caring to settle down elsewhere. My American friend did not like the decorative work of the Germans, especially with regard to Berlin, where the statues, for instance, in the Avenue of Victory appeared to him to be too theatrical and too much like advertisement. I am not quite sure that

I agreed with him here. As to poor old Battersea Park, one of our English institutions, he looked upon it as a vulgar display, but admired, on the other hand, Kew, Windsor, and the classical simplicity of the well-kept gardens and green swards of the Oxford Colleges.

Just then a bevy of Chicago girls rushed by, shouting and skipping, and he informed me with some sadness in his tones that he was sometimes positively ashamed of the aggressiveness of his country people abroad. Now, it is a popular idea that the travelling American whom one meets everywhere on the Continent, is always rich, or, at any rate, pays exorbitantly for everything, thereby spoiling the market. I noticed, however, that a great many of them were water or tea-drinkers, and one hotel manager informed me that, in his experience, they wanted things as cheap as possible and were not too fond of parting with their money. They travel, however, with enormous quantities of baggage, packed in huge boxes, for which they must have to pay a great deal for freightage. The American ladies I met impressed me with their high spirits and dash, but they swung their arms

and wagged their figures too much in walking. I was, however, informed by one that they could not walk as far as English girls, because they were not so accustomed to it. I suppose she was referring to those who, in America, were well enough off to drive everywhere. It is customary when leaving continental hotels to have rather gaudy labels affixed to one's luggage. This I was informed is done to please Americans, as they rather like the display on their return home. There may be some truth in this, for when they discovered I was an Englishman I noticed that fewer hotel labels were attached. At the Dresden hotel I came across four Alabama young ladies, handsome, and with good figures, vivacious, and well dressed. They seemed to take everything as a joke, their spirits were so buoyant, but if you got into conversation about literature or art they became quite serious and, moreover, were extremely well up in such subjects. They spoke of mother—not mamma—and of poppa —not father, which was peculiar, and informed me that they were "doing" Europe on £200 apiece given them by their respective poppas. They were chaperoned by an elderly lady friend, their parents

not accompanying them. They were all chums from the same town in America, and there was something at once fascinating about them. They were lazy, and wanted everything done for them and remembered for them; this the elderly lady did. In fact, they had been spoilt at home, more especially by the negro servants.

One of them had never heard of Lady Curzon, the sad news of whose death had just reached us, but, on the other hand, expected me to know all about a certain Hobson of United States naval fame, who, she said, lived next door to her. She spoke of the English as foreigners, which she said was usual, but I believe Canadians are exempt from that term! American girls talk sensibly, have a great deal of self-possession, and no sham prudery. Finally, I never could quite see the evolution of the Britisher in the American, and I do not think the former will ever catch the latter up; perhaps he does not want to. Nor will the American lady ever have the sweet voice and accent, and the complexion of the English. Most of the Americans one meets abroad are too aggressive and seem to "take charge," as it were, directly they enter a hotel.

Their children, too, are unchildlike and noisy.

To return for a moment to my old enemy the head waiter, I must confess that at Budapest I never set eyes upon him until I gave him a krone on his presentation of my bill at the time of departure. Strange to relate, I was not troubled in the least by flies in any of the hotels I had been in up to the present, which was peculiar, considering the great heat.

I left Budapest on Saturday, 28th July and took the 8 a.m. train back to Vienna. We skirted the Danube for a part of the way and there was some pretty scenery.

At one station *en route* I purchased one of those fat-looking ham sandwiches which every German traveller of modest means, at any rate, carries with him, and which I was determined to negotiate. I must say I was not disappointed, and the ham appeared to me to be quite superior to any I had tasted in England. There is a sweetness and mildness about the ham all over Germany and Austria which appealed to me, and I, consequently, swear by it. These sandwiches are very thick, the meat being placed between a split roll. We arrived at

Vienna at midday and I drove across the city to the West Station, where I took the 12.45 p.m. train for Salzburg. This drive seemed almost interminable, and we went through dozens of streets of every dimension. On leaving Vienna again, one passed through some truly exquisite scenery, hills and dales and woods, all beautifully green, everywhere, with occasional glimpses of the Danube. The cottages were very picturesque, and reminded one of Swiss *châlets*.

As we approached Salzburg small white churches were seen dotted about prettily, while there were some snowcapped mountains in the far distance.

One of my travelling companions was a Jew who spoke English very well and eulogised the restaurant attached to our train. He went on to say that "you could get a nice beef steak for very little money." I could see that he mentioned beef to please me—an Englishman. Oh, beef! beef! One finds it hard to get away from it, and I shall always remember the smug, sickly smile of the various waiters when they try to tempt one with "there's nice roast beef," which, by the way, one gets almost raw on such occasions.

We arrived at our destination at 6.50 p.m., and I went to the Hotel de l'Europe, having just time to change for dinner. Here I found some of the Americans I had previously met, in fact they appear to follow one round most methodically. Again roast beef took a prominent place on the *menu* card (what animals they must think us!) and at dessert the tiniest strawberries I have ever seen were handed round. I may remark, by the way, that even in this up-to-date and magnificent hotel, as in all the others I had been to, finger glasses were conspicuous by their absence.

There was an American bar, and a band which played at meal times. The Hotel de l'Europe is a beautiful and very artistic building set in tastefully laid-out grounds, full of flowers, gravel walks, nooks and bowers; just the place for a honeymooning couple. The next morning I strolled in the grounds, where I soon found one of those long comfortable chairs reminding one of India, and indulged in a rather expensive hotel cigar. The weather was deliciously cool and the air balmy, and there had been a heavy fall of rain. I noticed that there were a greater number of Parisian ladies here than usual,

and some smart Americans who evidently did their best to imitate them in dress. They patronise to some extent the same dressmakers, but to my idea, signally fail in the attempt, for there is a something, an artistic finish, a style in everything the French do in this respect—it is in their blood. French ladies appear to wear their hats rather on one side, and moreover, have a graceful walk. Having said this, I must confess that the most beautiful figure I saw during the whole of my journey was that of an American, and taken as a whole, they are plumper than the English.

The hotel was simply crowded, and there was only one vacant room when I arrived, and that in the " dependence " of the hotel. This consisted of a wooden Swiss cottage in the grounds, quite rustic in appearance, and having just in front of it the only tennis court I had yet come across. I considered my room very expensive, for it was meagrely furnished, there being but one chair in it and no wardrobe. One could breathe, however, and it was quite a country-like habitation, and so cool at night that for the first time one could bear, and enjoy, a light blanket. As usual I was taken for an

American, and Germans never seem to be able, clever as they undoubtedly are, to distinguish the accent from that of the English. The Americans, moreover, travel much more than we do.

The 29th was a Sunday and I went out immediately after breakfast. Salzburg is evidently a health resort, and I found that different kinds of medicated baths, including carbonic acid, were to be obtained in the hotel, and that a doctor was on the spot. I also discovered a copy of the "Morning Post," which I greedily read, for it was the first time I had come across that paper, England being generally represented by the "Times" or "Daily Telegraph." I should describe Salzburg as a country town with white dust, or mud, after rain, and it was a great relief to be away for once from the big, gaudy, hot cities; in fact, the peacefulness was delightful.

Most of the men I met walking about were smoking long pipes and they all wore feathered plumes or tufts stuck in at the back of their soft, picturesque-looking felt hats. They also wore short knickers, like football players, which were generally of a dark green colour with corded decoration of a lighter hue, and thick woollen stockings,

their knees being left bare. They were sturdily-built men and evidently used to climbing. Indeed, they reminded one very much of Scotch Highlanders, and there is certainly nothing of the German about their thick, serviceable boots. I was informed that one Infantry regiment and one battery of Artillery constitute the garrison of Salzburg.

It was too foggy at the time to attempt a trip to any of the mountains, which are not far off. The country round is not at all unlike Switzerland, while the town itself is ancient and romantic-looking and full of old curiosity shops. It has its Stadt Theatre, although this is by no means an imposing-looking building. It has also its pretty river, the Salzach, which eventually runs into the Danube; and its churches. I wandered through some of the narrow streets of the older part of the town which reminded one a little of parts of Bonn, and came across a very ancient graveyard in which I found the tombstone and grave of old Leopold Mozart who lived from 1719 to 1787. I rather wondered if this could be the great Mozart's father. This graveyard is in the form of a square and is enclosed by cloisters in which are a great number of mural

tablets, oil paintings, and recesses containing the skulls of those buried there, and images. It is a truly wonderful old place. I then crossed the river and got into what appeared to be an even older part of the town, where I found the birthplace of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. The house is No. 9, Getreidegasse, and the room in which he was born is on the third floor and at the back, behind the parlour. The street here is extremely narrow, and the house is of considerable height. The Mozart Museum is now contained in this building and is the property of the International Foundation Mozarteum, being under the patronage of her Imperial and Royal Highness Archduchess Stephania, widowed Crown Princess of Austria-Hungary. An entrance fee of one krone is charged. One enters a stone passage and ascends the old wooden staircase until the third floor is reached. Outside the door of the Mozart rooms hangs a bell with which one summons the caretaker who gives admission. The birthroom is replete with pictures and busts of the Mozart family, including an oil painting of Wolfgang at his piano when nine years old, and other portraits painted at different periods subsequently.

I noticed a play bill of the first performance of the "Magic Flute" which took place in Vienna, 30th September, 1791, and another of the first performance of the opera "Tito" which was given at Salzburg, 13th December, 1878, eighty-seven years after its composition! Perhaps the most interesting objects are the clavichord or spinet, with only five octaves, on which "The Magic Flute," etc., were composed, and Mozart's grand piano which one is instructed not to touch, but which I observed being played upon to the extent of half a dozen chords by a gentleman present! In the parlour or sitting-room, which is in front of the birth-room, are many of Mozart's jewels, autographs, unfinished compositions, and 160 letters written by him. In a glass case in this room are also the original manuscripts of an unfinished sonata in B flat major, a song with pianoforte accompaniment called "How unhappy I am," which is in F major, and the words of which were also by the composer. There is also an antiphon for four parts composed when he was fifteen and which is on ordinary twelve-lined music paper; another song, a *sinfonia concertante* in A major for violin, viola, 'cello and orchestra, and

forty-one bound sheets of his exercises in counterpoint etc.

One sees, too, a letter written by Mozart to his wife, dated 6th June, 1791, partly in French and partly in German and another to his father of 3rd January, 1781. Among the trinkets and jewellery are his snuffbox, seventeen mother-of-pearl buttons which were on his court dress, a magnificent gold ring with twelve diamonds and a species of moonstone, and a watch given to him by the Empress Maria Theresa. Then there is his first violin and bow, and, last but not least, his skull, which impressed me on account of its small size. I thought as I left this most interesting of places that it was lucky I had previously known of Mozart's birthplace being at Salzburg, for no one connected with the hotel told me anything about it, or even mentioned the fact: while, as to the visitors, they all wanted to ascend hills by electric railways! In fact, one seldom even heard any of Mozart's music here, and I daresay the same could be said of Bonn with regard to Beethoven.

I now walked through a couple of squares whose buildings looked very old and then under two or

three archways, until I discovered the cathedral, which, although decidedly plain and commonplace in its exterior, is magnificent inside, with a beautifully painted domed roof. Close by the cathedral I discovered a much more ancient church, which had a highly decorated altar, and then, what to me was the most exquisite church I had ever seen—St. Peter's. Among its mural tablets I found one dedicated to a certain Haydn, but I do not think this was the celebrated "Papa."

I now recrossed the river by one of the old bridges, on which I stood for a while to view the lovely old romantic town of Salzburg, whose houses are mostly of the Mozart pattern, white-fronted and very high, with small latticed windows. On my return home I again indulged in resting in the Indian chair under a lovely tree in the hotel garden and again negotiated a shilling cigar, but, somehow, I thought it was worth the money. I went again to St. Peter's Church; who could resist it? It appeared even more lovely, and I sat among the people, for service was going on, and was fascinated as before by their childish and implicit faith. Indeed, their devotion goes to one's heart. The

seats were very hard, and quite deficient of comfort, but the praise and worship were not affected thereby, and one had time to meditate while the service went on.

The old castle of Salzburg is perched on a rocky and high eminence, which is thickly wooded almost to the summit, and is, perhaps, the most romantically beautiful thing of its kind in the world. At the foot of the castle hill there is another very old cemetery which contains a chapel dated 1491, whose walls and floor are covered with ancient tombstones and slabs. Those on the floor will, in time, be quite obliterated by the constant tramping of sightseers, and I even saw dogs following their mistresses into the hallowed and venerable building! On my way home I got a delicious cup of coffee at one of the restaurants, but it was rather expensive, while the "tip" expected was also excessive. In Salzburg, as indeed everywhere I had been up to the present, one is forcibly struck by the absolute correctness and respectability of the inhabitants. I noticed also that a great many of the dogs one came across had a good deal of the bull-dog strain, while one met the Great Dane frequently. Let

me record that I never saw a perambulator nor a tramcar, so that, perhaps, Salzburg has a good deal of originality to be proud of.

From the constant flow of visitors at this hotel, one is reminded of Switzerland in the season. The dollars fly, and I heard some Americans discussing their trip to certain salt mines, a day's journey off, which must have cost a considerable sum. The "lift" man here should be able to retire long before the British officer can, on a competence; while, as to the manager and his satellites in all their splendour, one dared hardly approach them, especially if one was a modest coupon-holder—a piece of news which spreads rapidly in whispers. The *portier* in this establishment was decidedly more curt in his manner, even patronising, than usual, so I avoided him carefully. Indeed he would only just condescend to answer a question and then would walk away and leave one to stare after him! I noticed this superiority of the *portier* more particularly in the Austrian hotels; on the other hand, the railway officials and policemen were most polite everywhere.

I left Salzburg by the 9.5 a.m. train on 30th July

for Munich. Now, although Salzburg is in Austria, German trains convey one from there to Munich, and at the station, moreover, your luggage is examined by the German Customs authorities, and German money is current. It was somewhat amusing to find that the Customs officials at Salzburg laid particular stress upon whether one was smuggling sausages!

The journey was very pleasant, and we passed through some fine mountain and valley scenery with pretty little towns scattered about, and some fair-sized lakes. I noticed that in their journeys many Germans do not seem to be much impressed by the beauty of their country; in fact, they hardly ever look out of the carriage windows. They prefer to close them, draw the curtains to keep out any sun that may invade the premises, and talk the whole journey. We passed Rosenheim *en route* and arrived at Munich at 12.20 p.m. I drove to the Hotel Bellevue in the hotel bus, which was a great convenience.

Now, although this is a quiet and unpretentious hotel, let me record the fact here that it is most comfortable, that the attendants are very civil, and

that the *portier* and head waiter were courteous and obliging. I came to the conclusion, therefore, that the more superior, that is expensive, a hotel is, the worse a person of moderate means is treated; and how quickly they find out that one is not a millionaire. Soon after arrival I indulged in a three hours' trip round this up-to-date town. We started at 3.30 p.m. in a brake drawn by four horses and I found the cushions of the vehicle very comfortable and springy. The journey cost four marks, which included the services of a guide, but as he "guided" in the German dialect I did not profit much by his voluminous descriptions of places and things as we passed by. I was the only English speaking person in the carriage, for there was not even an American on this occasion, or I guess the guide would have probably displayed a good knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. When we had been about half way round, our guide told us we would stop for refreshment, which of course meant beer. I believe the Hofbrauhaus which we entered is the oldest beer restaurant in Munich. It is a fine building, in an old-fashioned style, and has a red-tiled roof. We drank Munich beer in quaint

delf mugs with metal covers, and it was very cheap and very delicious; at the same time I prefer the Pilsen. Of course there might be a little fancy in this, as the golden liquor is certainly more attractive-looking. After all, what a luxury it is to be able to get a long draught, on a hot day, of refreshing and iced light beer that does not affect one's head, and I may add that the same advantage can be attributed to the German cigar with regard to mildness.

Munich appeared to me to have a more homely, perhaps English, appearance than any other German town, which is intensified by the English shops and hotels that are to be seen. Indeed, I came to the conclusion that were I to settle down in this country, Munich would be my selection. It is a very fine city, moreover, divided into two by the little river Isar, and like all the German towns I had seen impresses one with its ample space, long and wide streets and fine squares, in these respects comparing very favourably with London, whose Piccadilly Circus would look rather insignificant even in Munich. Of the monuments I saw, some of which are very fine, may be mentioned one

called "Bavaria" which is some distance out of the town and is of huge proportions. The public buildings are striking and there is a so-called English garden which one might liken to a small park, rustic and wild-looking, with some small streams and wooden bridges crossing them, but I saw no flowers.

The following day I visited the picture gallery of the old masters, or the Pinakothek, as it is called. Here the works of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Van Dyck are very numerous, while there are some fine animal paintings by Snyder. Of all Rubens's pictures I prefer his "Madonna in einem Blumenkranz," but must confess that I was more impressed with the art of the Italian School, as represented here, at any rate, than that of the Dutch or German. Take the works of Ribera and Murillo for instance. What an absorbing subject the life of Christ and other Biblical subjects afforded all the old masters. The walls of such galleries as one sees at Munich are simply dedicated to representations of the Madonna, etc., and one is tempted to ask if these artists could not have occasionally depicted something else? Was there nothing else in nature

which appealed to them? How different it all is to-day.

I walked across to the other Pinakothek, which contains the works of modern painters, and, to me, how superior, how much more artistic and varied, how many times more beautiful these paintings appeared as compared with the other and older schools. Scenes from Nature's beauty spots, water, trees, mountains; in fact, the world as one knows and appreciates it. Surely these subjects must appeal to the general public, however inartistic they may be, more than the continual portraiture of old-world and chiefly Biblical people.

You can breathe the air in this modern gallery of Munich, nor will your sense of decency be outraged by doubtfully modest and morbid subjects, and you will get away from the fleshy and debauched-looking creatures which must have emanated from the brains of such as Rubens. Just stand and look at Hans Petersen's picture of the glorious ocean, handiwork of the Omnipotent, and you will be moved by its reality, its wonderful likeness to the real thing, and its life! Roubaud's group of Cossacks almost speaks from the canvas. Then

observe the sea-girt rocks of Schoenlebers, the realistic paintings of Brandt, the wonderful "Spiel der Wellen" of Bocklin, and Lenbach's portrait of Wilhelm I, and say are they not more entrancing, aye, more clever than the productions of the old Dutch master? Get a guide-book and you will, if artistically inclined, spend days in the New Gallery at Munich. I went on to the Army Museum, which is an object lesson to England, in that the traditions of, and the honour and glory due to, the nation's army are here collected in this magnificent building and guarded jealously and sacredly by the younger generations who are, no doubt, inspired thereby. But, poor France! One is reminded, let me say sadly, of your struggle in 1870! Even Napoleon III's bombastic proclamation is here framed for the enlightenment of the Bavarian, while arms and accoutrements gathered from the battle-fields where the valiant soldiers of France bit the dust, are everywhere to be seen.

At 12. 30 p.m. I went to the King's residence to witness the Guard mounting ceremony, which was somewhat similar to that which I had seen in Vienna. The Bavarian Guards looked very fine

and smart, and their band, which performed for half an hour after guard mounting, was certainly the best I had yet heard. It was truly magnificent! They commenced the programme with a march—such a march! It was grand and inspiring, and whoever wrote it was as fine a real musician as the world has yet known. Indeed, I feel convinced that we have very few soldiers who can play as the men in this band did. The crescendoes were artistically rendered, and the bass was simply divine in its sonority.

I next visited a place called the Crystal Palace, a very small erection in imitation of England's, perhaps, finest building. At the time there was an exhibition of modern paintings and sculpture held therein, which I have no hesitation in saying would be impossible to surpass. Among the paintings may be mentioned a seascape by Hans Schleich, which was quite startling in its reality, and a fine mountain and lake scene by Eckenbrechen.

On my way back to the hotel I thought how terrible it seemed, at any rate to a Britisher, to see the dogs pulling their big loads along during such hot weather. Of course I am aware that there can

be no very logical reason why this should not be, but the poor animals, the most faithful friends of man, looked as if they felt it so much and, moreover, were evidently suffering intensely from thirst.

The same afternoon I went to Nymphenburg, which perhaps corresponds somewhat to Charlottenburg at Berlin, but is far more beautiful so far as the grounds and country round are concerned. The exterior of the palace is plain and white and there is a large expanse of ornamental water which gives a very effective appearance to the whole view. At the back of the building is an immense greensward, which is varied by stretches of water, fountains and fine trees. There are a great number of swans, black ducks, and fish in these waters, all apparently waiting for food from the onlookers, and all, seemingly, very tame. I believe the great Napoleon once stayed at Nymphenburg which, I was informed, was now occupied by the Oculist Prince, son of the Prince Regent of Bavaria.

I may now take the opportunity of writing some impressions of the German army, as I saw a good many officers and men while at Munich. Taken as a whole, I think both the officers and men are

physically finer than ours, for, with regard at any rate to the rank and file, the State gets the pick of the country's manhood. Had we, in England, conscription, we would probably have the finest men all round. The question of the difficulty of obtaining recruits will always have a great effect upon our efficiency, and if our soldiers were drilled too much or with such disciplinary exactitude and rapidity as the German, we should find a difficulty in inducing men to enlist. The officers are particularly good-looking and well set up, and their frock-coats fit them to perfection, although I have been told by an English officer that they, like the men, get them out of store. These coats are generally light blue in colour, some having crimson facings, while others have yellow, scarlet, etc. The trousers are of a darker blue and generally with red piping down the seams. They wear their caps well on the back of the head and they are of a more comfortable shape than the English officer's and have smaller peaks. I also noticed what appeared to me to be two or three shades of blue between the coat, cap, and trousers, in some cases.

The German officer appears to be always replete with a sense of duty and it is a treat to even see them salute one another. They are, indeed, soldiers, and nothing else. I believe they commence their military education at Government schools when very young, so that University students are not intended (as many of ours are) to follow the profession of arms; although I am informed that even they have to serve one year in the ranks. University students apparently come from the same class as army officers, and when one sees the scarred faces of the duellists one would think their proper place should be in the army. Indeed, it perhaps would be better if this duelling were confined to the army officers.

The general appearance of the German officers is marred to a certain extent by their footgear, in which respect, be it stated, they fall short of our officers. They wear, like all Germans, very low heels and have a large, curved, flat foot rather turned up at the toes, and one rarely sees a well-polished boot. Now this rather spoils what would otherwise be a perfect picture, so perhaps it has been ordained that the German officer should have

an ugly foot (or boot), otherwise he might die of pride!

The restaurant and beer garden appear to be the principal places of meeting their friends, corresponding, to some extent, with our English club life, the latter being, however, preferable in many respects. I noticed that the officers do not tuck their napkins under their chins at meal times, as civilians do; perhaps it is against regulation when in uniform. I further observed that all officers, both in Germany and Austria, wear the most immaculate linen cuffs, which appear never to be soiled. The reason is, as I have remarked before, that their shirts are probably made with wristbands, and the cuffs attached, and, therefore, changeable. One is struck by the size of, and care bestowed upon, their moustachios, the Kaiser pattern being much patronised.

Now, although rigid discipline is the backbone of the German army, one cannot avoid noticing the slack way in which the men on guard comport themselves, and I believe they are allowed when on this duty to stand about carelessly if they please. But observe a guard when being relieved! It is as

if you pressed a button and a number of automata were set in motion. The slouching sentry suddenly appears to wake up, and he and the rest of the guard go through their clock-like movements with desperate precision; and when you see them jerk their stiffened legs at right angles to their bodies and then bring their feet down with a loud smack on the ground, it creates, in the uninitiated, decided amusement. Indeed, I often wondered if this extraordinary marching were not injurious to the men, as affecting the spine, etc.

English soldiers, off duty, are much cleaner looking, smarter and more erect than the German, and walk better. Their uniforms, too, fit better (perhaps tightness has a good deal to say to this) and one rarely meets a German soldier with clean or polished boots, and never beholds either officer or man carrying a cane. Indeed, the German soldier, off duty, looks like a civilian in uniform. On the other hand, is the British soldierly bearing at all times, which is the result of "setting up drill," an advantage? Is it natural, and is a man with this abnormal dilatation of the chest capable of doing as much heavy work, especially with regard to

carrying weight, as one who has more freedom in his clothes?

German soldiers are rarely seen when off duty, and the "walking out" process with their best girls, so dear to the Britisher with, too often, his love-locks adorning his forehead, would appear to be unknown, so far as one can judge by observation. The stout and slovenly appearance of the German soldier when seen off duty, is much enhanced by the fact of his seemingly voluminous pockets, which evidently are packed, and give an increase of "beam" that is certainly unnecessary. All such defects are amply rectified when he is drilling or marching with his regiment; then he is a good deal smarter-looking and more impressive than any other soldiers I have seen. This, in fact, is business. But even then there is no pipeclay or blacking about him.

A regiment of German soldiers appears to take more room than a similar number of our men do; they are broader, and their uniforms, except in the case of the officers, looser. I noticed that German officers make constant use of tramcars in their journeys, and that the men salute them from the

street when passing. The marked authority of the non-commissioned officers, who are also saluted by the privates, is also observable, and one is almost inclined to suggest that the latter are treated by the former as overgrown school-boys.

I left Munich at 8.25 a.m. on 1st August, having "tipped" on this occasion more freely than usual, as everyone in the hotel had been so extremely civil, and even the pretty chambermaid, who had a charming and kindly smile, made her "mark"! We passed Augsburg at 9.15 a.m. and Ulm at 10.30. The latter is a very picturesque old town with a river and very fine church.

The next place of any importance was Geisheigen, around which are some well wooded hills.

Stuttgart was reached at 12.45 p.m. Here I stopped. Now, Stuttgart is more or less enclosed in a ring of hills which fact, no doubt, tends to make the climate very hot. Indeed, it was the hottest place I had yet visited, and vineyards and beautiful gardens abound. Being the capital of Wurtenburg I was informed that the King resided here. My hotel, the Marquardt, is adjacent to the railway station, so I was able to walk in, a porter

carrying my box. It is a handsome building with club-like comforts and appointments, but at this time of year far too full for much attention on the part of the officials. The crowds of visitors were principally due to travellers *en route* for Carlsbad, but I must say that everything was excellently regulated. It was rather weak of me asking the waiter, who showed me my bedroom, where the temperature was 85° fahr., how much I should give the porter for carrying my box, for he mentioned such a large sum that I afterwards wondered whether he appropriated half of it. I should have settled the question directly with the porter. I found that many celebrities had stayed at this famous old hotel, including William I, William II (both of Germany) Bismark, and Moltke. Also, that it possessed quite the fastest moving lifts (two) I had ever seen, travelling about double the ordinary pace. I further observed that the *portier* was quite civil, that the matches, which had previously been red, were white and that the guide-books make the most of the place.

The population of Stuttgart is chiefly Protestant, and I was told that music is a good deal cultivated

and that there is a considerable book trade. The so-called Schlossplatz is supposed, at any rate by the people of Stuttgart, to be one of the most beautiful places of the kind in the world, but I can justly say that this estimation is very extravagant, the said Schlossplatz being somewhat insignificant. Nor is Stuttgart an imposing town in other respects, and, indeed, is perhaps scarcely worth a visit. The shops are very ordinary; at the same time there are a good number of fairly old-looking houses about and a rather characteristic old market place.

During my afternoon stroll I came across a handsome church, evidently quite modern, at the east side of which is an expanse of ornamental water, with swans, which gives the appearance as if the building were on an island. The inside of this church was remarkable for its plain, Protestant appearance. A more beautiful church still, is Johannes Kirche, which is Lutheran, as indeed most of the places of worship appeared to be. The most imposing sight by far in Stuttgart was, to my mind, the march past our hotel of a magnificent regiment with its splendid band. It

was a very solid body of stalwart and workmanlike soldiers, and I felt sure there were no better to be found. They marched more slowly than English regiments and their massiveness was very striking. Although the weather was intensely hot they all carried the heavy-looking horse-skin covered valises, and their countenances, withal, were cheerful. They had their trousers, which were made of a thick whitish drill, tucked into "high-low" boots. I left Stuttgart for Strassburg by the 11.40 a.m. train on 2nd August, and during the journey indulged once again in one of the wonderful ham sandwiches and a glass of iced Pilsen beer, which commodities were brought round to the carriages at one of the stations *en route*. I must confess I never have enjoyed refreshments more.

At 1.50 we passed Carlsruhe, the heat being intense about this part. Strassburg was reached at 3.15 p.m. and the Rhine was crossed just prior to our arrival. As I only intended remaining here a short time, I went out soon after arrival to see the cathedral of Notre Dame or Munster. Its exterior, like that of Cologne, which I prefer, is truly magnificent and a fine example of Gothic

architecture. It is built of red stone and is richly ornamented outside with figures.

The building dates from A.D. 1015 when it was built in the Byzantine style, being subsequently repaired in the Gothic after its destruction by fire. There are two towers, the northern having a spire which is very delicate-looking, almost ethereal, and formed of six successive tiers of small turrets. It is 142 metres high. The interior, like that of Cologne, is very disappointing, and not to be compared with some of the English cathedrals.

The pulpit was erected in 1486, and an astronomic clock was first placed in the building in 1352, the present one dating from 1838. This clock is of great and universal fame, is of the usual toy variety and at certain hours automatic figures go though curious antics which is, perhaps, rather out of keeping with a sacred building. All kinds of astronomic circumstances are also denoted by this clock and a dial is placed on the wall outside the building showing the days and hours, which is put in motion by the same mechanism. The position of the cathedral is very bad, and so crowded by houses that one cannot get an idea of its height and

size. The west front is more carved and decorated than that of Cologne; on the other hand some critics might consider that the amount of variety in the building tends to spoil it. It is, moreover, dirty and badly kept; while outside, the walls of the building are in a disgraceful condition, chalk scribblings, apparently, not being prevented, while children evidently make a playground of the place. A railing should be put round this grand and beautiful old structure, and more reverence paid to its magnificence, if not to its sanctity.

During the bombardment of Strassburg by the Germans in 1870, the roof of the cathedral was struck by a shell and set on fire, and it subsequently fell in. Some of the stained glass windows were also considerably damaged and the organ pierced. The old astronomical clock was not touched, but the spire sustained some damage. All was restored by the Germans, subsequently, and certain repairs are still going on.

On leaving the cathedral I wandered about the old parts of the town, where I found many ancient houses in narrow streets, some being built right down to the river's edge. One in particular, which

was near the cathedral, and called the Maison Kammerzell, is a fifteenth century house and in a very fine state of preservation. It is now, at least the lower part of it, converted into a restaurant, but the building has not been altered thereby. The shops and streets of Strassburg rather remind one of a good-sized English town. I put up at the Hotel de Paris, which I found comfortable and the food and cooking excellent. The Emperor Napoleon III once stayed at this hotel.

In the evening I went to the Orangerie Gardens by tramcar, where I heard a very find orchestra. These gardens are on the other side of the river Ill, are very beautiful and extremely well kept. They are, moreover, extensive, and I was informed that they, in common with all the fine public buildings in Strassburg have been made since the German occupation and, indeed, that previous to that the town was, to use my informant's words, "a dirty hole!"

The palace, wherein the Kaiser resides when he pays a visit to Strassburg, is a well-decorated but small building, while the Stadt Theatre is not important looking. A well-built and handsome

Lutheran church is situated in the same vicinity.

The following morning, 3rd August, during my walk, I inquired of a gentlemanly-looking young fellow with regard to certain buildings, when he introduced himself to me as a student of medicine, at the same time showing me his card. He then very kindly asked me if I would allow him to accompany me in my walk, as he had a couple of hours to spare, so that he might point out and describe things as we passed them. This was indeed gratuitous politeness, and I think one more rejoinder to the continual howlings and growlings again the Germans which one has become rather tired of. My companion spoke very little English and I spoke about an equal amount of French, which language, of course, he understood, so we got on admirably.

Our walk included a circuit of the town fortifications, to reach which we crossed a bridge over a canal. There was very little to interest one in the succession of glacis and masked batteries, but it would have been a pleasant walk, only for the intense heat. My friend gave me a good deal of information with regard to Germany and its people,

and among other things he told me that, as a rule, all soldiers become socialists when they leave the army. I saw the Main Guard changed and noticed that the men did not march during the ceremony quite so amusingly as in other towns I had visited. The band which belonged to the 105th Regiment had their clarinets in front when marching, which is quite contrary to the usual procedure, one essential reason for placing the trombones in front being the amount of space they require when being played. This band performed subsequently in the square, and I came to the conclusion that it was a very indifferent one, and quite in keeping with the wretched music they played.

In this square I found a nice open-air restaurant or beer garden, but furnished with the same uncomfortably hard chairs. How a German must miss these beer gardens when he comes to England. There are two small rivers or streams at Strassburg, the Ill, already mentioned, and the Brensch, both of which flow into the Rhine about a mile and a half away. I believe Strassburg remained German till 1681, when it was ceded to France, and I suppose continued under that country's jurisdiction till

1870. There is still a great deal of French spoken. At present there is an Imperial Governor of Alsace and Lorraine who lives in Strassburg.

As I now intended leaving Germany and returning home *via* Paris, I should like to record that "tipping" is, generally, much more resorted to in Germany than in England. Even the tramway conductors and the men who weigh one's luggage at the railway stations indulge in it, while the officials at the different hotels appear to have a variety of methods and aspirations, for at the Bellevue at Munich nearly everyone expected a "tip," at the Marquardt at Stuttgart no one did, while at such palaces as the Hotel de l'Europe at Salzburg—! Well, I should say that the *blasé portier* there was absolutely tired of money! I was also surprised to find a good many German words similar to English, and a waiter will unblushingly exclaim "Tank you," while "Warm wasser" is so near the real thing that it almost creates doubt, or the perpetration of a joke. I also found that the fact of my travelling alone created a certain amount of astonishment; that, leaving out continental hotels, which are certainly a great feature and one in which the

American plays a very important part, England would appear to dominate the world, for its money is worth the most, at present; and, finally, that one need not be afraid of the amount of luggage one might wish to place in the railway carriage racks, which in England are only to be used for light articles. It is, in fact, a case of first come first served in German travelling. I may add that I never saw a Sister of Mercy either in Germany or Austria.

I left for Paris by the 10.25 a.m. train on Saturday, 4th August. We arrived at German Avricourt at 2 p.m. and in less than a minute after at the French station of the same name where there was the usual Custom's examination and a change of trains. I found that one must now put back one's watch about an hour. I had lunch at Nancy, where we arrived at 12.30, in company with a couple of French priests, my carriage companions. They were, apparently, very devout, and read their respective prayer books for at least an hour in the train. I also noticed that their boots were very much the worse for wear.

Paris was reached at 6.25 p.m. where I at once

found that I still possessed some bad money obtained at Brussels and Strassburg in change, and it is strange with what an amount of equanimity seemingly respectable folks will take one in, in this respect. I went to the Hotel Castille, which is small but *recherché*. All the Paris hotels were very full at the time, and a representative English lady drove up at 7 a.m. on Sunday the 5th and all she appeared to say, in different languages, was "Bad, isn't it?" when told she couldn't have a room. One sometimes is burdened with the idea of being able to obtain a decent cup of coffee in Paris, but should you wish to be undeceived, a cup at the Hotel Castille, such as I had, will have the desired effect. There seems to be plenty of whistling and singing about the streets of Paris, which is more noticeable after leaving the quiet German populace. Germany is clean and well organised in all departments, and its people are methodical, thorough, ambitious, and prudent, but they are not gay, nor do they appear to love their country as the Frenchman loves his. I was interested enough to get weighed in Paris and discovered that one does not become thinner on the rather flimsy

dietary of continental hotels, proving, to my mind, that our stodgy food is no better, so far as nourishment is concerned. Moreover, it really doesn't much matter what one eats, the process being merely a filling one, in fact, like the packing of a Gladstone bag! I was glad here of a light blanket in the early morning, and soon after breakfast started off with the intention of seeing the great Napoleon's tomb, strange to relate, for the first time. I came to the conclusion that it must be the finest thing of its kind in Europe, but how badly it wanted dusting!

I noticed that the streets were mostly paved with wood, which cannot be as sanitary as asphalte which prevails in Berlin. In going about the streets I found that one runs considerable risk of being driven over and, apparently, not always by unavoidable accidents, for the French driver is not so bad as he is reckless. The motor-cars in Paris are a terrible nuisance, and I think dangerous.

After my German experience everything seemed dusty and badly-kept by comparison, and it appeared to me that Paris was not so gay or smart as it was even twenty years ago, that the people

are not so good-looking or so particular about dress, and that their feet have become larger. I wondered if all this were due to the democratic spirit which has laid so strong a hold on the country. With regard to artistic ornamentation, however, there is the same plethora of nude female figures as of yore! Just about this time there was a strong disposition to close the shops in France on Sundays, not, I presume, on religious grounds, but for holiday purposes.

I saw in several shop windows pictures of an Alsatian girl with a longing, pensive look, waiting patiently for the French soldiers! and I was informed that the youths of Alsace and Lorraine often come into France so that they may enlist into the French instead of the German army, and that, moreover, there are special regiments for them to serve in, but I do not know if this be true.

With regard to the French army, I had a long conversation with the very intelligent head waiter of the Hotel de Castille who had served his time in the ranks. In his humble opinion, and who can say if he is right, the army is now in a very excellent condition and very different from what it was

in 1870. The soldier is worked hard, both mentally and physically, and does not finish his labours till 5 p.m. daily. In fact, the army is now meant for war, and that is the reason so little attention is paid to appearance in peace time. I replied that where you have an army of volunteers, as in England, you must make it attractive in peace time by uniform, etc. It seems, however, strange that one can only associate the British soldier with an endeavour to appear as smart as possible, even to private boots with pointed toes, a gay-looking girl hanging on his arm, locks of hair on his forehead, a cane in his hand and the continually going for a walk. Such a sight is never beheld in Germany or France, and the question is, which is right? Put a French or German soldier into plain clothes and you could not distinguish him from a civilian, but the British soldier is unmistakable in any clothes. The waiter further quoted our unreadiness with regard to the Boer war as illustrating the case of the French in 1870, and that a country, for its good, may have too long a period of peace. The French army was not too ready when called upon then; they had been living more or less in splendid

ease and false glitter, and the officers were not properly trained to hardship, and were, moreover, too often the sons of fortune and influence.

There was a good deal of truth in the waiter's remarks. The French soldiers of to-day look haggard and tired, perhaps they are tired, but their faces are more delicate and refined-looking than the Germans. They never think of keeping step when walking together, off duty, and do not appear to be well adapted to their uniforms which, moreover, are anything but clean. In this description I except the Zouave, who looks muscular, agile and healthy. There is plenty of "go" in his swinging walk, and he is, probably, about the best Infantry man in the world. I have further come to the conclusion that the Austrians are the best riders, and that the French are splendid marchers, which cannot be said of the English, who, however, hold their own at musketry.

Finally, the soldiers of Germany are soldiers because they are obliged to be: they do not don uniform to captivate the ladies, and are all looking forward to the day when they will take it off and become citizens.

On Tuesday, 7th August, I left Paris by the 10.20 a.m. train for Rouen, where I arrived at 12.5 p.m.

I went to the Hotel d'Angleterre which, I understood, prides itself on being the only one in the place possessing a lift. For the first time during my travels I found that there was no hotel *portier*, which was, perhaps, an advantage, and also that it was very difficult to obtain a match wherewith to light my cigar. This was, doubtless, a protest against my desire to smoke a French cigar, which is crude, strong, and, I should say, possesses a large amount of nicotine. I went at once in search of the far-famed cathedral, whose spire I could see from my bedroom window. Now the cathedral seems, to me, to be rather spoilt by this spire, which is most tawdry-looking, and certainly not in keeping with the rest of the building. The exterior is delicate-looking and lace-like, while the interior is far more beautiful than the other cathedrals I had seen, but extremely dirty. It was full of "trippers" and I may remark that one meets the English "tripper" in great variety at Rouen as I suppose it is just near enough to be get-at-able.

I discovered some very fine churches here, and

that named St. Ouen would, I feel sure, be classed as a cathedral in England, while its interior is quite equal to that of Strassburg. For real beauty both inside and out, however, the Church of St. Maclou is pre-eminent, and the edifice seems, moreover, to be extremely old. The Palais de Justice is also a fine building, and parts of it appear to be fairly ancient. The principal streets are paved with small blocks of stone of about six or eight inches square, the finest being the Rue Jeanne D'Arc.

Rouen has a picturesque appearance on account of the river Seine (which is broad here, and on which there is considerable traffic) and from the hills beyond, as also from the old and narrow streets and ancient houses, which, although not too clean and sweet, would no doubt delight the painter.

The following day I took a trip up the river as far as La Bouille, starting at 10 a.m. and arriving there at 11.30 a.m. The scenery *en route* is exceedingly pretty and La Bouille is a snug little village by the river side, nestling beneath wooded hills. However, I began to feel by this time that one is inclined to get tired even of scenery, and would prefer some other excitement. I returned to

Rouen the same afternoon and had another look at the cathedral. I found that there had been a great ceremony therein, namely the enthronement of a certain number of bishops. The town was, consequently, full of priests, and I was sitting among half a dozen of them at the hotel restaurant. They were a cheery and genial lot, and looked remarkably intelligent. They, furthermore, thoroughly enjoyed the German beer which they ordered, and I did not blame them, for as I have said before, whether of Pilsen or Munich, it is an ideal drink, when well iced, for a thirsty soul. I found, by the way, that seltzer water is much easier to obtain on the Continent than soda, which, perhaps, is an advantage. I also noticed that there is not nearly so much hat-raising in France as in Germany and, moreover, I do not consider the French, as a whole, so polite as the Germans. They will almost knock one down in the streets, sometimes, and then impertinently exclaim "Pardon," which is extremely aggravating. They will, I hear, do anything for money and are polite enough when it costs them nothing.

I left for Calais at 8 a.m. on 9th August. Amiens was reached at 10 o'clock, where we changed trains,

going on again in fifteen minutes, and Calais at 1 p.m. We had a rough crossing, and the supposed knowledgeable but misguided beings who would remain up on deck suffered accordingly, besides being drenched by the seas which broke over the steamer.

And how miserable, cold, and pallid they all looked as they sadly trooped off the steamer! There is but one thing to do, at any rate on a short sea journey, if one is inclined to *mal de mer* and the sea is a bit frisky, and that is, to keep on your back and as warm as possible.

And now the train speeds on to dear old grimy London. The country looks different, somehow, to what one has been accustomed. The trees are not so precise and of so up-and-down an order, but spread their strong, crooked arms to make shade for those who want to rest awhile beneath them. The wonderful hedges, too, strike one, as well as the fine pasture land and the grazing cattle. There is a more peaceful look about it all. And the children—they are playing, romping, shouting, and seem to be glad of life—they are ruddy and flaxen-haired and more like children than the others. The little

streams run almost silently, and now and then you may see the dock leaf hiding the violet on their banks. Then there is the haymaking and the sunburnt men and women, and the village churches nestling among the old elms and oaks, and keeping watch o'er the walled-in graves. There is, still, a difference—it is home, and, after all, there is no place in the world so good as England to live in.

THE END

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